

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1939.



**A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF FIGHTING IN THE AIR: A SPANISH GOVERNMENT AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN IN FLAMES, PURSUED BY A FIGHTER OF THE ITALIAN LEGION AIR FORCE IN SPAIN.**

Our readers will remember the wonderful series of photographs from the Cockburn-Lange Collection which were published in "The Illustrated London News" in October and November 1932. These photographs were taken by a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps during the Great War by means of a camera which he found in a wrecked German machine. He attached it to his own aeroplane in such a way that the shutter of the camera was actuated when he pressed the trigger of

his machine-gun, and he obtained in this way the most extraordinary photographs ever taken of actual fighting in the air. The above photograph (taken with an automatic camera) may be compared with those of the Cockburn-Lange Collection, and shows a Spanish Government "Dewoitine D.34," whose petrol-tank has been hit, endeavouring to land, while a fighter of the Italian Legion Air Force "sits on its tail" as it glides down to earth.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

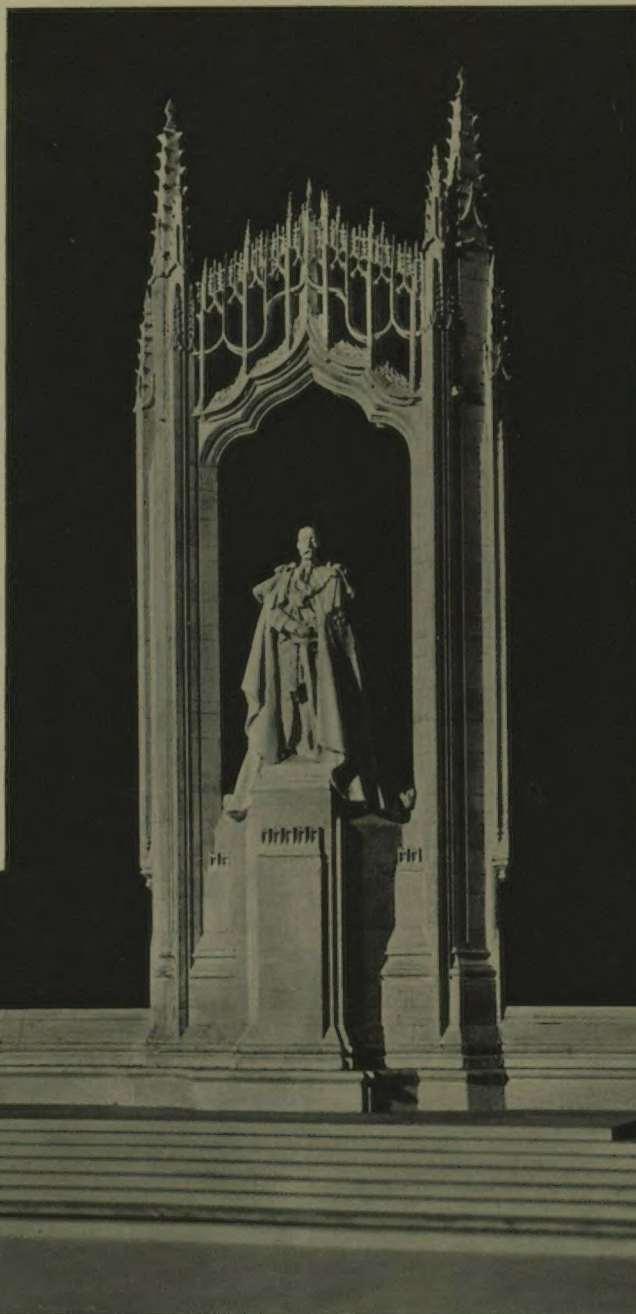
ENGLAND is a strange country. The genial gentleman in the opposite seat of the carriage into which I was bundled as the train steamed out of King's Cross, with a breathless parting shot from the porter of "Change at Hull," observed: "You can't go much farther than Hull, can you?" To which, with equal civility—for it still requires an effort, being English, to exchange courtesies with strangers at the first encounter—I replied: "No, one can't, can one?" But I was wrong, and I knew I was wrong. For nowhere in the world, I imagine, can one go so far in so little a space. Judged by mathematical acreage alone, England is ludicrously small. A busy man from the Continent or from America might travel across it and scarcely notice it—"That was England, that was!"—and return to his still unfinished paper. One can stand on its central peak and see hills from whose circumambient heights each of the seas that bound a little half-island can, on a clear day, be descried. If its people had not accomplished so much in the last few centuries, it would hardly seem worth an intelligent man's interest.

And yet, what a land of contrasts, and how much in little! That morning I had glided over the upland valleys of my native north Bucks into soft blue horizons and slanting skies still fresh from the Atlantic, until a dingy Victorian Gothic railway station, full of hunting stockbrokers and their smart, shop-bound ladies, swallowed up me and my early rustic dream. One of them had laid a brace of hares on the platform, and a jolly friend asked him—with the loud, confident voice of the sporting, out-of-door rich—whether he had got a pot of red-currant jelly in his crocodile-skin suit-case. An hour later I was in London, crawling in a taxi behind enormous horse-drawn lorries in the little slum streets at the back of Euston and then, equally slowly, behind Rolls-Royces between Oxford Street and the Park. The sun was shining and the dawn's threat of driving

in an irretrievable accident, that disqualified one from finishing altogether. And five minutes wedged between a bus and a dray in the remaining quarter or so of roadway, which was all that the powers that rule over the St. Pancras highways had left for traffic, all but disqualified me. So it came to pass that I was pushed through the doorway of a moving train into the arms of the stranger who so politely enquired

due to Lord Baldwin and his American Debt Settlement. He told me also that he remembered the days when, in the New Cut on a Saturday night, he could not keep the tears back at the sight of a poor woman gazing longingly at a piece of meat in a third-rate butcher's shop, and that, though his wife, who believed in the unchanging nature of the social order, called him a Socialist and sometimes even a Bolshie, he rejoiced at the enormous improvement in the social conditions of the working classes which he had observed in the past generation. He struck me as a very typical Englishman of the best sort—a fighter with a gentle heart and a strong fund of prejudices tempered by common sense; the kind, in fact, which his bugbear, Lord Baldwin, would naturally have rejoiced in. By the time he had finished speaking, Lincolnshire was going by—a solitude of sad waters reflecting a darkening winter sky. England, which had already changed twice that day, was changing again. By the time I had reached Doncaster, it had changed once more. Something out of a harsher clime was nipping at my toes, and the platform, when I got out to stretch my legs, was slippery with crushed snow. The Yorkshire evening paper was full of head-lines about the blizzards which had swept over the West Riding, and the northern night was crisp and crackling with winter.

I did change at Hull—though only by running up one platform and down another beside an out-spoken and mothering porter, who seemed to consider this a natural way of making connections—and travelled on to a place still further on the stark eastern edge of England. Presently a large, grey theatre hall beside a black, snowless sea swallowed me up, and while the audience slowly, and as it seemed to me, reluctantly, filed in, I smoothed down my few remaining hairs in the dressing-room in front of a notice that announced to intending comedians in the hour of reddening their noses the uncompromising morality of Yorkshire: "Suggestive Dialogues, Gags or Gestures are not tolerated in this Theatre."



THE GEORGE V. MEMORIAL BESIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A MODEL OF THE DESIGN RECENTLY APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE KING GEORGE V. NATIONAL MEMORIAL FUND. It was announced at a meeting of the executive committee of the King George V. National Memorial Fund at the Mansion House on January 11 that the plan to erect a statue adjacent to Westminster Abbey had received the approval of the King and Queen and Queen Mary. The committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Macmillan, authorised the carrying out of the design, which is seen illustrated here. The sculptor is Sir W. Reid Dick, R.A., and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., is architect for the scheme. The position and general appearance of the memorial was illustrated by a model reproduced in our issue of June 25 last. The site as now planned does not involve the pulling down of any Georgian houses, but only of the house associated with Mr. Labouchere. (Topical.)

rain from the western ocean seemed to have vanished. And for the rest of the morning I was swallowed up in the routine of a London business day: opening and dictating letters, telephoning, making and keeping engagements, until a waiting taxi could wait no longer, and the trees of the Park—with late nurses pushing a few last perambulators home to lunch—and the grey mansions of Mayfair, and the B.B.C.'s aerial palace, and the emporiums of the Euston Road jogged past me once more in hurried, monotonous procession. The roadway in front of King's Cross was up, as it always seems to be when I travel by that line, the long-drawn-out complexities of our mysterious and apparently uncontrollable local government system making train-catching to the North as hazardous and exciting as the last throw of dice in the table race-games of one's childhood. There always used to be, I remember, a final hazard of a quite fatal nature, such as a ditch which sent one back to the very beginning of the course, or a blazing car, shattered

where I could hope or want to travel to that lay beyond Hull.

The little hills of northern Hertfordshire and the Bedfordshire plain flashed by in gleaming sunshine as I looked up from the first evening paper. Mr. Chamberlain had been greeted with flowers at Genoa, and a German newspaper had said yet another rudeness, and Franco was winning battles in Catalonia, contrary to the stubborn editorial policy and defiant headlines of my paper, while Miaja—if the same journal was to be believed—was working fresh miracles for Democracy in Estremadura. My new-found friend on the other side of the carriage, who was rosy with health and wearing a fur-lined coat, remarked that he had worked in Finland on and off for the past forty years (where he had no doubt acquired his un-English habit of talking to strangers), that he thought that Mr. Chamberlain was a marvellous old man, and that most of our troubles to-day were

But I had none in my innocent repertoire as dry-as-dust lecturer. For an hour and a quarter—for Yorkshire likes to have full measure for its money, whatever the strain on its own grim powers of endurance—I droned my platitudes, blinking hopefully, in front of footlights and a sea of impassive faces and, when all was over, faded into the wings, where a strong smell of size proclaimed that the morrow held more lively entertainment for the local patrons of the arts. But when it was over, no one reproached me, and the evening ended in a warm, glowing house, with the North Sea breaking fifty feet below, and surely the kindest people in the kindest county in the kindest country in the world pressing on me sandwiches and coffee and whisky, which seems to be a kind of Yorkshire drink, and local talk into which I was admitted as though I had been born and bred in the East Riding. When, refreshed and comforted, I returned to my hotel, it was raining, and already warm again. And that was the end of a day in England.



# THE BOMB OUTRAGES IN SOUTHWARK AND MANCHESTER.



THE ATTEMPTS TO WRECK POWER STATIONS AND PUBLIC UNDERTAKINGS WITH BOMBS, IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES: THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION OUTSIDE THE CENTRAL ELECTRICITY CONTROL ROOM, SOUTHWARK (RIGHT). (A.P.)



POLICE INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE BOMB OUTRAGES, WHICH WERE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DUE TO I.R.A. WRECKING ACTIVITIES: DETECTIVES AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WORKING AT THE SCENE OF THE SOUTHWARK EXPLOSION. (A.P.)



DAMAGE DONE BY THE EXPLOSION OUTSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM, SOUTHWARK: A HOLE BLOWN IN CONCRETE, AND SHATTERED BRICKWORK. (A.P.)



EVIDENCE OF THE VIOLENCE OF THE EXPLOSION AT SOUTHWARK: THE THAMES EMBANKMENT RESCUE MISSION, SUMNER STREET, WITH ALL THE WINDOWS BLOWN OUT. (Planet.)



THE HAVOC WROUGHT ON SURROUNDING WINDOWS BY THE EXPLOSION AT SOUTHWARK: A DETECTIVE SIFTING THE PILES OF SHATTERED GLASS. (Planet.)



THE RESULT OF ONE OF THE EXPLOSIONS WHICH OCCURRED IN MANCHESTER, AT ALMOST THE SAME TIME AS THAT IN SOUTHWARK: A HOLE BLOWN IN THE PAVEMENT AT THE CORNER OF WHITWORTH STREET AND PRINCESS STREET. (C.P.)



THE WORST EXPLOSION IN MANCHESTER: A SHEET OF FLAME FROM THE BROKEN GAS MAIN AT THE JUNCTION OF NEWTON STREET AND HILTON STREET; WHERE ONE MAN WAS KILLED. (C.P.)

A series of mysterious explosions occurred in London and Manchester early in the morning of January 16. In Manchester, one man was killed and two injured. In London, bomb explosions occurred near the Southwark Control Room of the Central Electricity Board, and also at a cable bridge at Harlesden, N.W. Attention was focussed on the Southwark outrage by the fact that copies of an Irish Republican Army proclamation demanding the removal of British forces from Ireland were found posted up near St. George's Cathedral in that district. A round-up of Irishmen in London suspected of subversive activities was later

begun, and similar police activities took place in provincial centres. The power station at Southwark is on the grid system and controls the supplies for the whole of South-East England, such as Chatham, Dover, Sheerness, Woolwich, Erith, Rochester, and Dartford. The police believe that the Southwark explosion was caused by a home-made bomb consisting of a container filled with some substance like gellignite. There were other outrages in Lancashire, where the banks of the Manchester Ship Canal were damaged, and near Alnwick, where attempts were made to wreck one of the pylons of the electric grid system.



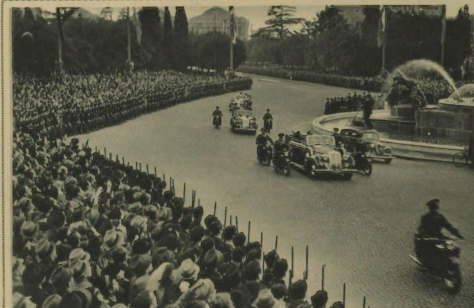
# A VISIT WHICH STRENGTHENS TRADITIONAL ANGLO-ITALIAN



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ARRIVAL IN ROME: THE PRIME MINISTER SHAKING HANDS WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, WHO WAS WEARING THE UNIFORM OF AN HONORARY CORPORAL OF THE FASCIST MILITIA, ON ALIGHTING FROM THE TRAIN. (Keystone.)



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COLONY, WHO HAD A SPECIAL RESERVED ENCLOSURE: MR. CHAMBERLAIN LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION IN ROME WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND COUNT CIANO. (Keystone.)



GREETED WITH SHOUTS OF "SALUTI!" BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD: THE BRITISH MINISTERS DRIVING FROM THE RAILWAY STATION TO THE VILLA MADAMA, WHERE THEY STAYED AS THE GUESTS OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT. (Keystone.)



MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD HALIFAX SALUTED BY FASCIST GUARDS WITH DRAWN DAGGERS: THE BRITISH MINISTERS ARRIVING AT THE PALAZZO VENEZIA FOR CONVERSATIONS WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI DURING THEIR VISIT TO ROME. (Keystone.)

Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, left on their visit to Rome on January 10. They broke their journey in Paris, where, for over an hour, the British Ministers were in conversation with M. Daladier, the French Prime Minister, and M. Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister, at the Quai d'Orsay. On January 11 the visitors arrived in Rome and were welcomed at the railway station by Signor Mussolini and Count Ciano. Mr. Chamberlain shook hands with the Duce and then walked through the royal waiting-room, acknowledging on his way the cheers of members of the



MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD HALIFAX LUNCH WITH THE KING OF ITALY: THE PRIME MINISTER SIGNING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' BOOK ON ARRIVAL AT THE PALACE OF THE QUIRINAL. (Keystone.)

British Colony, who had been given a special reserved enclosure. The British Ministers then drove to the Villa Madama, where they stayed during their visit as the guests of the Italian Government. Later Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax went to the Palazzo Venezia and had a conversation with Signor Mussolini lasting an hour and a half. In the evening they were the guests of honour at a banquet given by the Duce at the Palazzo Venezia. In response to a brief speech by Signor Mussolini, the Prime Minister said: "I have come in pursuit of the policy for which I stand—the just and peaceful

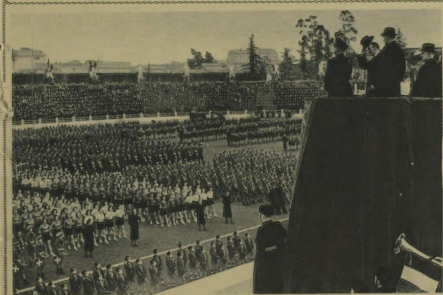
# FRIENDSHIP: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD HALIFAX IN ROME.



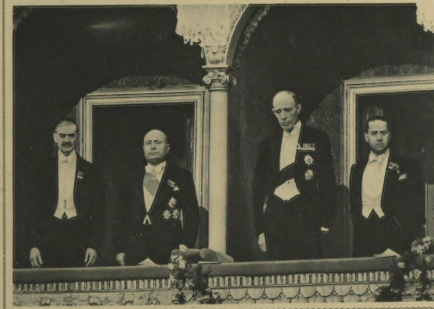
THE VISIT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD HALIFAX TO THE POPE: THE BRITISH MINISTERS LEAVING THE VATICAN AFTER HAVING A PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS LASTING HALF AN HOUR. (Plant.)



THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE IN HONOUR OF THE BRITISH VISITORS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, LORD HALIFAX AND COUNT CIANO IN THE ROYAL BOX (CENTRE). (Keystone.)



THE PRIME MINISTER AND LORD HALIFAX AT A GYMNASIAC DISPLAY GIVEN BY YOUTH ORGANISATIONS AT THE MUSSOLINI FORUM: MR. CHAMBERLAIN, WITH THE DUCE, ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME HE RECEIVED FROM THE PERFORMERS. (Plant.)



MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD HALIFAX WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND COUNT CIANO AT A GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: THE BRITISH MINISTERS ENTERTAINED DURING THEIR VISIT TO ROME. (Keystone.)



THE PRIME MINISTER CONCLUDES HIS VISIT TO ROME: MR. CHAMBERLAIN TAKING HIS LEAVE OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AT THE RAILWAY STATION, WHERE A CHEERING CROWD HAD GATHERED TO SEE HIS DEPARTURE. (A.P.)



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER IN WHICH HE TRAVELLED TO FOLKESTONE: MR. CHAMBERLAIN FACING A "RATHER ROUGH" CROSSING IN HIS USUAL CALM MANNER ON HIS RETURN FROM ROME. (G.P.U.)

solution of international difficulties by the method of negotiation." On January 12 the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax laid wreaths on the graves of the Italian Kings at the Pantheon and paid homage at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the Piazza Venezia before going to the Palace of the Quirinal, where they were received by the King of Italy and were his guests at a luncheon-party. Later the British Ministers were present at a gymnastic display given by youth organisations at the Forum Mussolini, followed by further conversations with Signor Mussolini and Count Ciano. In the evening

Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, accompanied by the Duce and Count Ciano, attended a gala performance at the Royal Opera House. On January 13 Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax were received by the Pope in audience, and the afternoon was devoted to visits to the British School in Rome and the Mineral Exhibition. Later the visitors attended a reception at the City Hall on the Capitol. A communiqué on the talks was issued on January 14 which stated: "The statesmen decided to develop the relations between the two countries in the spirit of friendship of the pact of April 16."

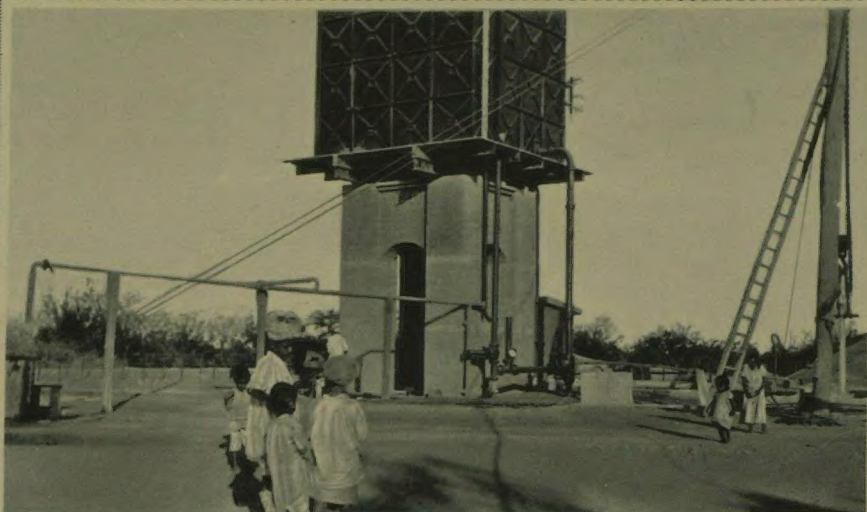


# ADEN'S CENTENARY AS A BRITISH POSSESSION: THE WATER PROBLEM SOLVED.

AIR PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE AIR MINISTRY (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED); OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. BEEBY THOMPSON; AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



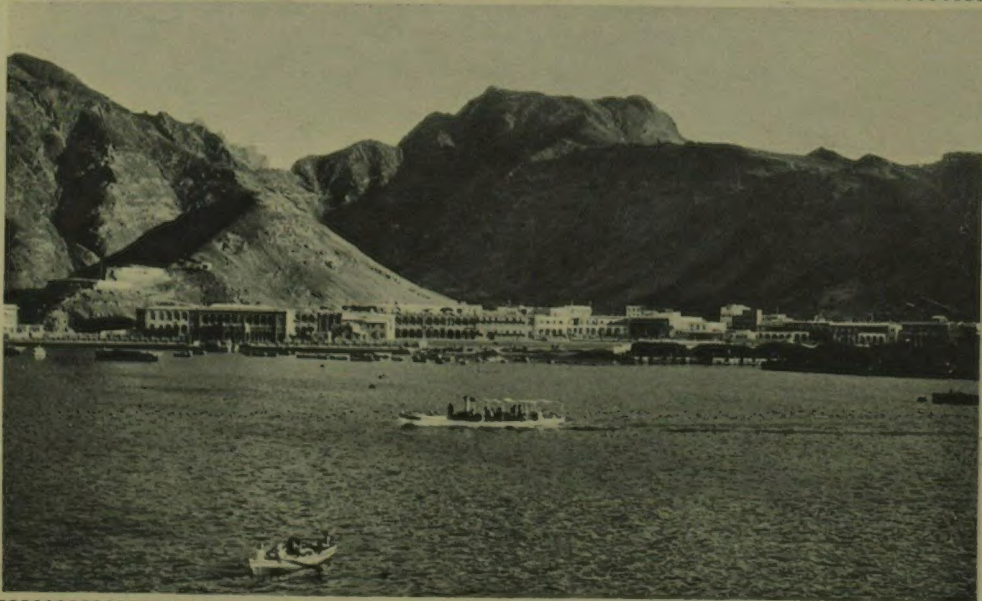
PROCURING AN ADEQUATE WATER-SUPPLY FOR ADEN—THE STRATEGICALLY IMPORTANT BRITISH COLONY ON THE RED SEA WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS CENTENARY: DRILLING OPERATIONS AT SHEIKH OTHMAN, WHERE ABUNDANT WATER WAS FOUND.



THE SOURCE WHENCE THE FORMERLY PARCHED TOWN OF ADEN NOW DRAWS AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF GOOD WATER: A TANK OF THE ADEN WATERWORKS AT SHEIKH OTHMAN ON THE LAHEG DELTA, CONNECTED WITH THE TOWN BY A SIXTEEN-INCH PIPE-LINE TWELVE MILES LONG.

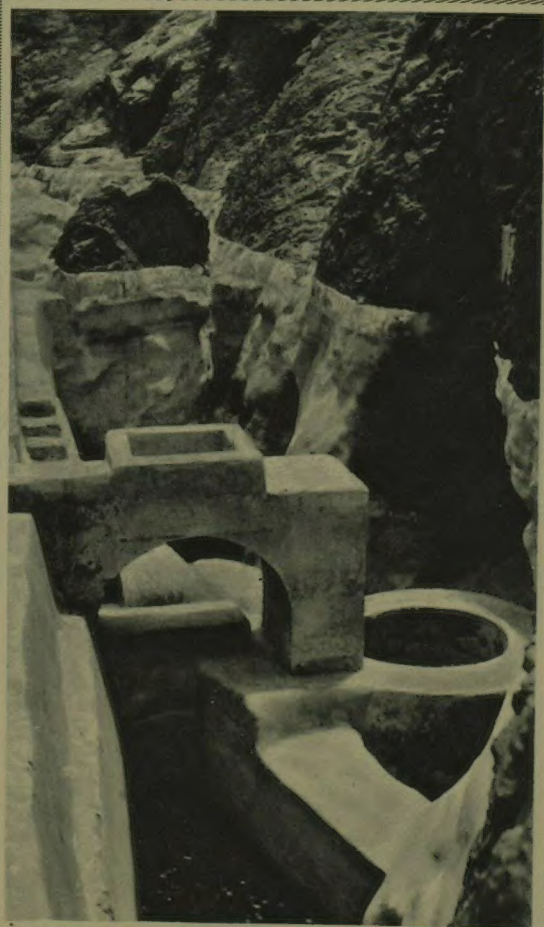


THE GRIM, WATERLESS, VOLCANIC HILLS WHICH DOMINATE ADEN: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE OLD TANKS IN THE RAVINE IN THE CENTRE, BUILT TO COLLECT AND HUSBAND SURFACE WATER ON THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN RAIN FELL; IN THE DAYS BEFORE SUBTERRANEAN WATER WAS FOUND.



THE WATER-FRONT AT ADEN: THE APPEARANCE OF THIS KEY BRITISH POSSESSION FROM THE SEA; WITH ITS BARREN HILLS BEHIND.

THE  
COMPLICATED  
SYSTEM OF  
TANKS AND  
CHANNELS  
CONSTRUCTED  
IN ORDER TO  
MAKE THE MOST  
OF ADEN'S  
MEAGRE  
RAINFALL:  
A SYSTEM NOW  
REPLACED BY  
RELIABLE  
SUBTERRANEAN  
WATER-SUPPLIES.



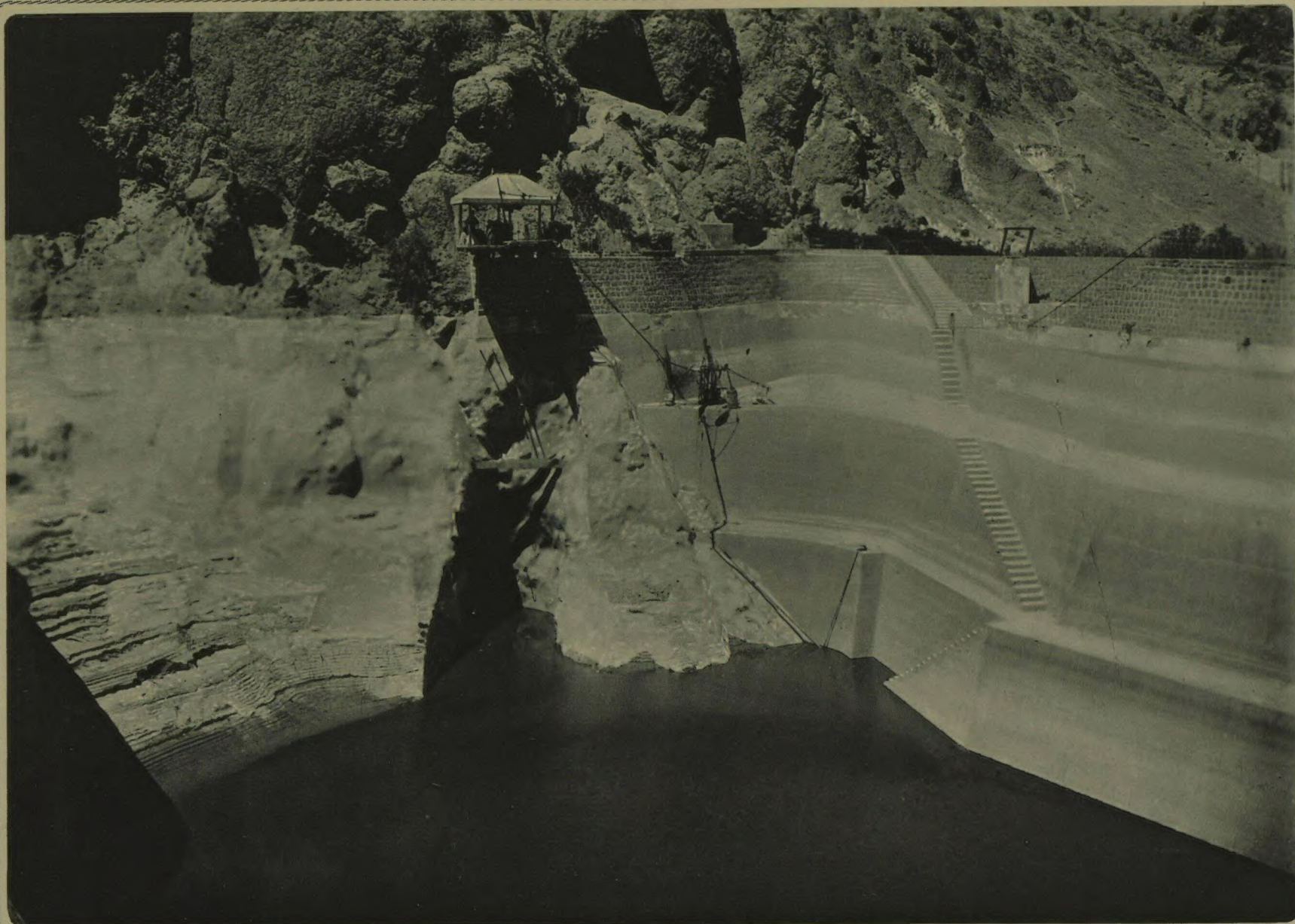
THE centenary of Aden as a British possession fell on January 19, it having been annexed in 1839. Formerly it was administered from India, but in 1936 it became a British colony. Being a sort of Gibraltar of the Red Sea it possesses great strategic importance. An interesting fact about it is that the British Forces established there are under the command of the R.A.F. As in Iraq, the R.A.F. command includes several Army units. This system has proved as successful as it did in Iraq, particularly in the form known as "inverted blockade," whereby law-breaking tribes are kept away from their villages and fields by bombing and are not allowed to return until they have agreed to terms. In this way peace and order are maintained in the difficult country of the Aden Protectorate with the minimum of expense and practically no casualties. Punitive bombing, however, is rarely necessary, as demonstration flights over the affected area are usually enough to bring the tribes to heel. Most of the trouble in the protectorate is due to raids on caravans, inter-tribal fights, and unauthorised tax-collecting. The whole country is controlled by one squadron

*[Continued opposite, below.]*

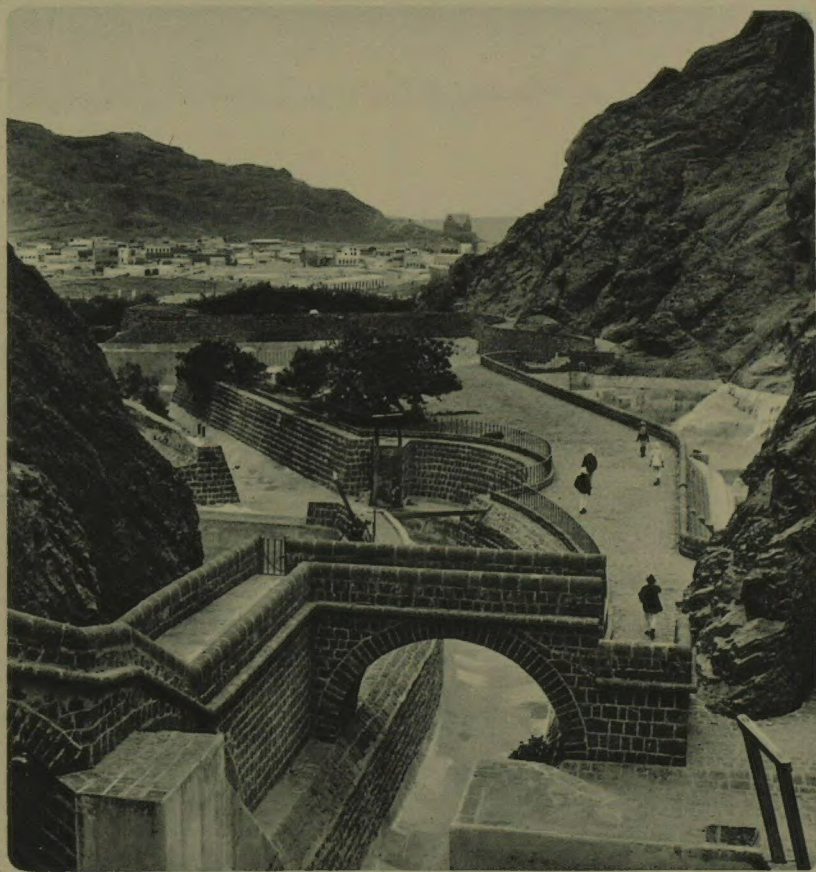


# THE ADEN CENTENARY: THE OLD TANK STORAGE FOR RAIN-WATER.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE P. AND O. STEAMSHIP COMPANY.



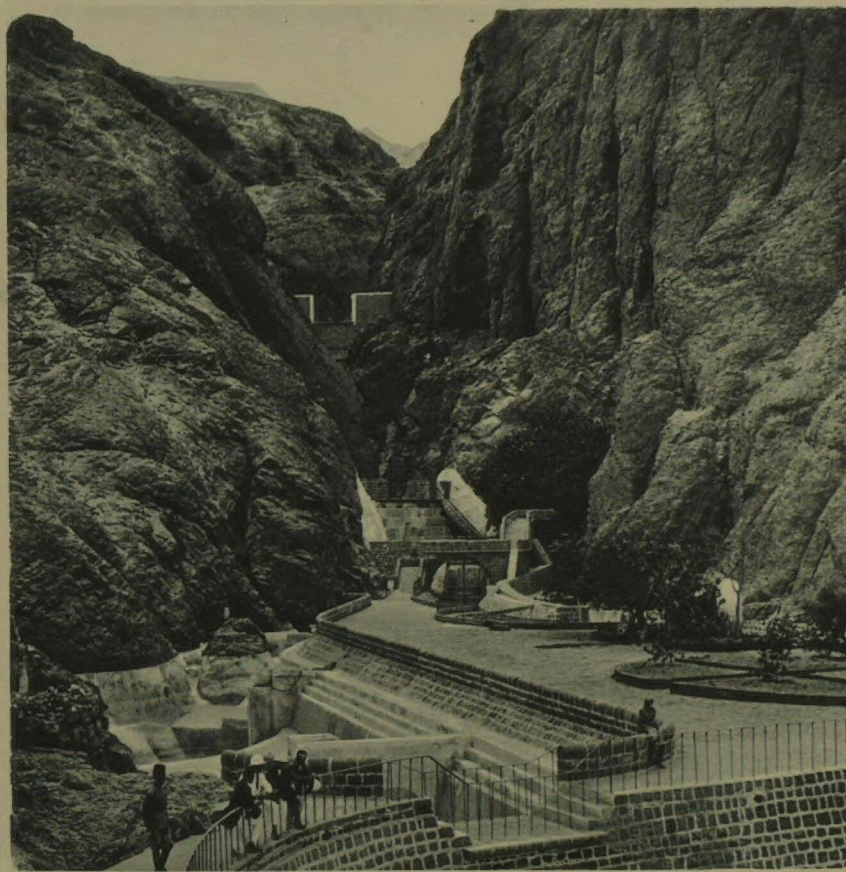
THE MAIN TANK AT ADEN: A SOURCE OF SUPPLY FILLED BY A CAPRICIOUS AND MEAGRE RAINFALL, ON WHICH ADEN WAS FORMERLY PARTLY DEPENDENT.



ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE OLD WATER-SUPPLY AT ADEN: A COMPLICATED SYSTEM OF MASONRY CHANNELS IN A RAVINE.

(Continued.)

(No. 8 Bomber Squadron), which also has to maintain a detached flight in British Somaliland. Our photographs on these pages are principally concerned with the water-supplies past and present of Aden—a most important matter in view of its ungrateful climate. In some years no rain falls there at all! Until the war Aden relied upon evaporators for safe potable water, though the water-tanks provided sweet water-supplies in years when rain fell. The absence of a piped water-supply had always been a serious handicap to the progress of Aden, where shipping paid as much as 10s. 8d. per ton for water, compared with 2s. 6d. at



WORKS DESIGNED TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE MEAGRE RAINFALL AT ADEN: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TANKS.

Suez. During the war the British forces obtained improved supplies by drilling near Sheikh Othman in the Laheg Delta, and finally, after much delay, drinking-water was found at 200 ft., and a twelve-mile 16-inch pipe-line was laid to Aden. By 1929 Aden was able to draw upon abundant subterranean supplies. The price of water was reduced to a shilling a ton and is likely to be lowered much further; and the appearance of the town has been transformed. Large quantities of water were sold to the Italians at Aden during the Abyssinian campaign. Some interesting contemporary drawings of the occupation of Aden in 1839 will be found on the following page.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALTHOUGH

I have never aspired to be a dramatic critic, it has befallen me from time to time to "represent the Press"—the pictorial Press, that is—in theatres and other places of entertainment; and a very pleasant occupation I have found it to take mine ease in the stalls, watching the antics of fellow-creatures on the stage. At such times, however, I have often asked myself how I should have liked it if I had had to write a critique of the performance in time for next morning's paper, and the answer was definitely that I should not have liked it at all. The urgencies of a weekly paper—and they are by no means negligible—can give me all I need to ask in that respect. It was therefore more in admiration than in envy that I would regard the familiar faces of the dramatic critics always gathered together in a theatre on "first nights." Having gone home softly, supped in peace, and slept the sleep of the non-critical, I could peruse their accounts of the play at leisure over the breakfast-table, marvelling at the nimbleness of man's wit and the speed of his mechanical inventions.

With such thoughts in mind, I have been browsing with deep content on a book in which a distinguished survivor of the old guard admits us to the mysteries of his craft—a new volume of the Theatre and Stage Series entitled "DRAMATIC CRITICISM." By S. R. Littlewood. With a Foreword by Sir Barry Jackson, and Portrait Frontispiece (Pitman; 10s. 6d.). I approach this book with particular interest, as it happens that I have known personally, at one time or another, several of those whom the author recalls as his "old confrères, Clement Scott, Joseph Knight, William Archer, A. B. Walkley, and J. T. Grein—not to mention Bernard Shaw in his years as a professional critic." Apart from such memories of "auld acquaintance," I felt myself at once in sympathy with the author directly I saw, in prominent type on the third page, the name of Matthew Arnold, one of my early gods in the literary pantheon. Moreover, this use of heavy type for side-heads exemplifies an admirable system of "sign-posts" (including an index and varied page-headings) throughout the book, of a kind for which I have often pleaded with authors and publishers.

Neither the title nor the wrapper of Mr. Littlewood's volume does justice to its delightful quality. It is one of the most beguiling books of a scholarly type that I have met for years. The author has learnt from Matthew Arnold

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

S.R.L.'s eye has spotted them in a small part and cited them as a bright flash in a tedious evening."

When a writer becomes popularly known by his initials, it is an invariable sign of genial qualities which have endeared him to the public. One thinks, for instance, of G.K.C. and of a still more celebrated example—an anagram of Mr. Littlewood's initials—namely, R.L.S. In the present volume S.R.L. has given us a perfect mine of theatrical lore, historical and personal. Among the things that attracted me particularly and were jotted down as I went through the book are his remarks on Shakespeare's personality as revealed in the plays, and on Goethe's tribute to Shakespeare; also his character-sketches of Bernard Shaw, William Archer, and A. B. Walkley. I will conclude with a short quotation which indicates at once Mr. Littlewood's wide historical knowledge and his political sympathies. "On the whole," he writes, "the theatre of Athens owed more to political events than did that of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The Elizabethan and Jacobean drama did undoubtedly benefit by the royal patronage of Elizabeth and James, much as Thespis may

has discovered all over the

United States a fresh market for new and old material at popular prices. This is all to the good; but it is a very different thing from establishing a standard of achievement in one central theatre. Both of these—and many other enterprises on the idealistic 'uncommercial' plane—prove clearly enough that the flesh-and-blood theatre is very far from being a dead or even dying interest. The enormous popularity of ballet has not, perhaps, done much as yet to help the spoken drama, but it may do so. After all, it was out of ballet that drama grew ages ago."

This brings me to a book which is beautifully printed and illustrated and will, I am sure, delight the hearts of all "balletomanes" (I believe that is the correct modern expression). It is entitled "BALLET TRADITIONAL TO MODERN." By Serge Lifar. Maître de Ballet, Premier Danseur-Etoile du Théâtre National de l'Opéra, Paris. Translated by Cyril W. Beaumont. With 39 Illustrations (Putnam; 15s.). The author's adaptation of the beginning of St. John's Gospel, with which he opens his first chapter, seems to me a descent from the sublime to the commonplace, but perhaps the devotees of Terpsichore will disagree. M. Lifar's book was originally prepared as a lecture on dancing which he was invited to deliver at the Sorbonne during the Paris Exhibition last year. He took a year and a half, he tells us, to compose his lecture, which proved so voluminous that at the Sorbonne he could not read more than the first part, on the theory and nature of dancing. Part II. deals with Academic Ballet of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and Part III. with the new Ballet of the twentieth century. There is also a chapter on Choreology and Folk Lore, and an appendix, including M. Lifar's latest ballets and those he hopes to produce in the future. He records with pride the fact that his lecture was the first occasion on which dancing had figured at the Sorbonne, "the home of knowledge"—hence his decision to publish the lecture in full.

With the allusions to Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" in Mr. Littlewood's book, it is interesting to compare a personal recollection of Arnold by an American writer (then an enthusiastic undergraduate) included in "UNFORGOTTEN YEARS." By Logan Pearsall Smith (Constable; 10s.). This is a charmingly unusual book of reminiscences, which takes us from Quaker circles in Philadelphia, and an intimate acquaintance with Walt Whitman, to Oxford in the days of Jowett, and later to Paris



"THE SURRENDER OF THE DEFENDERS": A WATER-COLOUR BY CAPTAIN RUNDLE, R.N., WHO PLANTED THE FLAG ON ADEN AFTER ITS CAPTURE IN JANUARY 1839.

The centenary of the annexation of Aden to British India fell on January 19. In 1839

a naval and military force under Captain H. Smith, of the "Volage," was sent to Aden, following the refusal of the new Sultan to fulfil his father's agreement to cede the place to the British. On January 19, after a preliminary naval bombardment, a landing-party captured Aden, and the British flag was hoisted by Captain Rundle, R.N. The Governor of Aden, Sir Bernard Reilly, recently announced that a committee appointed to report on the best method of celebrating the centenary had recommended that an infant welfare clinic should be established, and a permanent scheme of poor relief introduced.



"THE BEGINNING OF THE ENGAGEMENT": A WATER-COLOUR DEPICTING H.M.S. "VOLAGE" RUNNING DOWN TO ENGAGE THE LOWER BATTERIES OF SURAH FORTRESS AT ADEN.



"THE BRITISH SQUADRON PREPARING FOR ACTION," BY CAPTAIN RUNDLE: ONE OF A SERIES OF WATER-COLOURS DEPICTING THE CAPTURE OF ADEN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

to treat high matters in a lively vein, and ranges lightly over the whole history of drama, from the days of Thespis until now. Explaining the scope and purpose of his work, he says: "My plan will be, first of all, to outline dramatic history in the light of the contemporary—or most nearly contemporary—records or criticisms of each period. . . . I shall try to trace the growth of dramatic criticism as literature, as news, and as both together. Finally, I shall give some hints from my own experience upon the practice of dramatic criticism as a profession and its relation to journalism as a whole. In these ways I hope to make the following pages of genuine use and interest not only to intending critics but to all students and lovers of the living drama."

In that aim the author has abundantly succeeded. With regard to his influence as a personality in the theatrical world, let us take the opinion of Sir Barry Jackson: "It is a very real passion for what is best in the theatre that shines through his writings as it informs his conversation. . . . Loving the theatre, Mr. Littlewood is intolerant of dull or slipshod work, and rightly. On the other hand, when he approves, his pen glows with appreciation, and one can tell that he is infinitely happier throwing bouquets than hurling bricks. Even in the worst play he is always eager to find some redeeming feature, and many young beginners, now famous, have been helped and encouraged when

have done by the theatrical tastes of Peisistratus. But in England the establishment of Cromwell's practical dictatorship, so falsely called the Commonwealth, meant the complete suppression of the theatre—an experience from which our drama at its best is only now struggling to recover. . . . One may note that control of the theatre by the State has proved in all modern dictator-ridden countries disastrous and stifling. The drama has practically ceased to have any life of its own at the moment in Germany or Italy, and is one-sided in Russia. In a true democracy, on the other hand, it should be an ideal form of theatrical organisation. In America the Federal Theatre is showing the way—but of this hereafter."

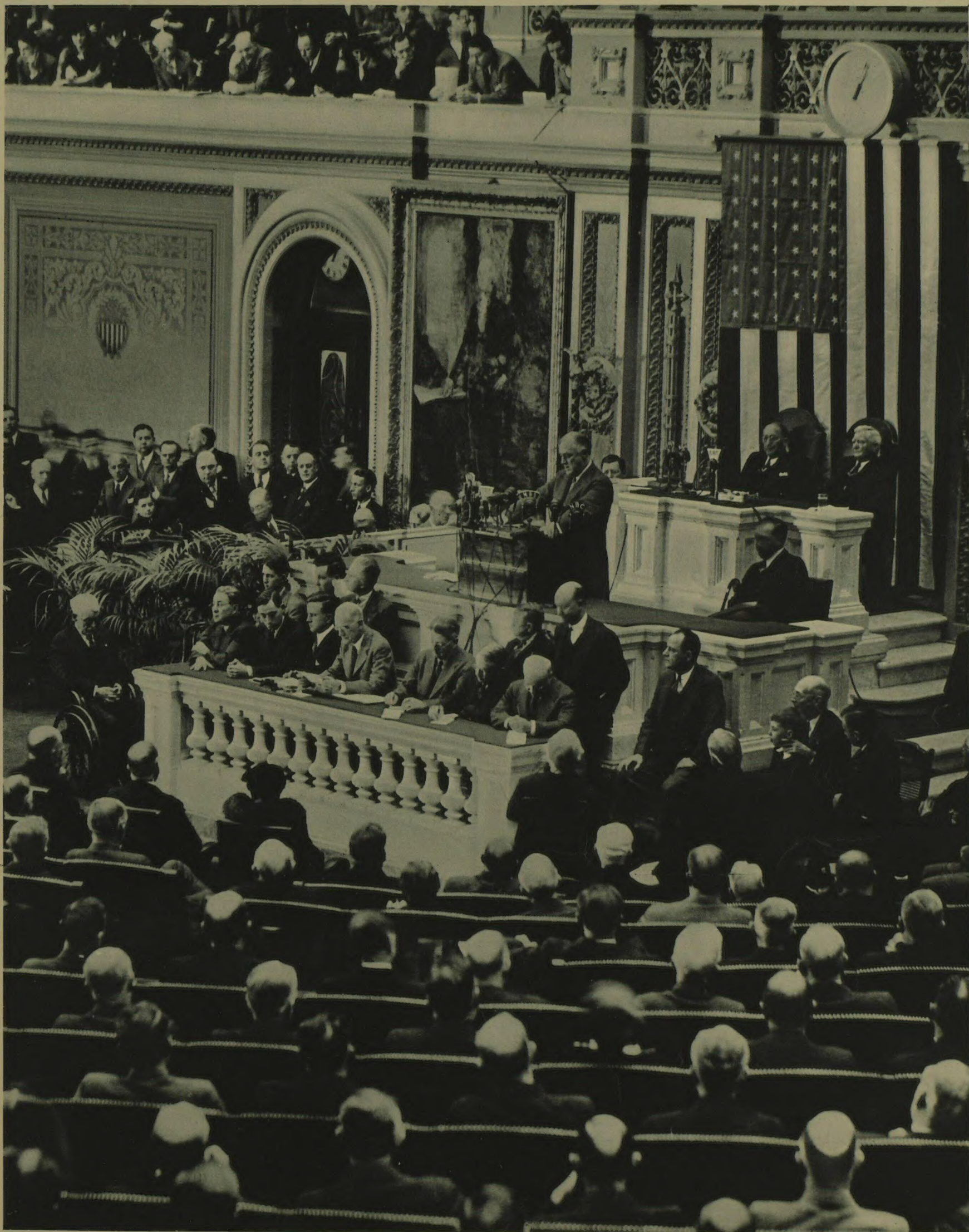
Turning to the "hereafter," I come to a passage which, curiously enough, also gives me a link with the next item on my list of books. Discussing the National Theatre, Mr. Littlewood says: "Great Britain is small enough—as Stratford-on-Avon has shown us—for an actual theatre to be visitable at pretty frequent intervals from all parts of the kingdom. In America the distances are so much greater that one building could hardly bear the same relation to the whole. The record of the Federal Theatre tells us what can be managed under Government auspices by people who have faith in their purpose and its future. Starting as it did by the way of an industrial experiment for the employment of out-of-work actors, it

and back to England. The author's meeting with Matthew Arnold, which took place in a Dresden hotel, was at the time a disillusionment. The story is too long to repeat here, but it is well worth reading, as is the rest of the book.

In another chapter, entitled "Hunting for Manuscripts," the author mentions an incident that will interest Mr. Littlewood as bearing on what he would agree to call the Baconian Heresy. Mr. Pearsall Smith recalls a conversation with a scholarly lady who told him that her first job had been to catalogue manuscripts and books at Gorbamby for the Lord Verulam of the time. She said that in poking about in an old cupboard she had found some old play-bills of Shakespeare's plays, but that Lord Verulam had not wanted them to be known, as he had been much bothered by Baconian cranks. "Play-bills of Shakespeare's age," continues the author, "are, I believe, unknown, and that bills of some of Shakespeare's plays should be found in the home of Bacon's heir seemed to me a suggestion full of disagreeable possibilities, but one which perhaps it was my duty as a scholar to follow up. On writing, however, to the lady in question, I received the following reassuring reply: 'Yes, I really did say we found Shakespearean play-bills at Gorbamby in 1911 or thereabouts—but while old they were far from being contemporary. They would be waste of a scholar's time—if they still exist—but would in those days have provided a lot of exercise for a Baconian Heretic.'"



## IN DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY: MR. ROOSEVELT MAKING HIS GREAT SPEECH.



WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT VOICED HIS COUNTRY'S DETERMINATION TO UPHOLD DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, AND HINTED AT MODIFICATIONS IN THE U.S.A.'S NEUTRALITY LEGISLATION: THE GREAT SPEECH TO CONGRESS.

President Roosevelt, in the first part of his message to Congress delivered on January 4, warned Americans of the dangers threatening the foundations of their civilisation from aggressor states, and suggested that the possibility of America's remaining isolated from the troubles of the rest of the world had become much reduced. He made the following points: the three institutions "indispensable to Americans, now as always"—religion, democracy and international good faith—were directly challenged by undeclared wars, military and economic. The god-fearing democracies of the world which observed the sanctity of treaties and good

faith could not safely be indifferent to international lawlessness anywhere. "But the mere fact that we decline to intervene with arms, to prevent acts of aggression, does not mean that we must act as if there were no aggression at all. . . . We have learned that, when we deliberately try to legislate neutrality, our neutrality laws may operate unevenly and unfairly—may actually give aid to an aggressor. . . . The instinct of self-preservation should warn us that we ought not to let that happen." From this suggestion of a needed change in the neutrality laws, Mr. Roosevelt passed to the necessity of the U.S.A. being united and strong. (*Wide World*.)



## LESSONS OF BARCELONA:

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO  
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEM?

By CYRIL HELSBY, M.I.Struct.E., M.Soc.C.E.

*The aerial bombardments of Barcelona have provided most valuable data on which to base the organisation of A.R.P. in this country. Mr. Helsby compares Barcelona to a "vivisection" experiment from which we may derive useful lessons. At the moment, we appear to have learnt little or nothing from these lessons—the first of which is that only deep shelters provide efficient protection and that when deep shelters have been properly organised they can almost completely stop loss of life. We feel that this fact cannot be sufficiently emphasised. We intend to illustrate the effective protective measures adopted at Barcelona in a series of drawings of which that given upon the opposite page is the first.*

TO be the most bombed city in the world is not an enviable reputation, but to be that city and to have acquired such immunity that the deaths from bombing are less in number than those suffered daily by London from traffic accidents is certainly an achievement worthy of note. When war broke out in Spain, Barcelona was a very flourishing, wealthy city, with fashionable shops, well-planned streets, and there existed a jollity that had almost become proverbial. Its population was one and a quarter millions. The city was the centre of a practically autonomous Government which controlled the rich country of Catalonia. The Catalonians are very industrious, are good

On one occasion a school of one hundred and twenty children was practically wiped out, eighty children being killed instantaneously and the majority of the survivors dying within a few days. The teachers were all killed. This instance is typical of what happened at the beginning of the war.

The Government instructed the authorities to dig trenches, and these were started with feverish haste, and, after they had been dug, many of them were roofed over with boarding and two feet of earth, in similar manner to the method recommended in this country. The people took shelter in these trenches,

made up into five 4-cwt. bombs has five chances of doing damage, but if that ton of explosive is made up into one hundred 20-lb. bombs the chance of doing damage is increased twenty times. If we also increase the number of bombers to five or ten, as the enemy did in Barcelona, the chance of doing damage has increased from the original five to one hundred or two hundred times as many; and since the only thing that the light shelter had to commend it was the small chance of a direct hit, the people discovered that the safety margin had become so small as to rob the shelters of any practical use. People were killed in the shelters and, consequently, the survivors refused to go into them again.

Along with trenches, basements were recommended and strengthened for the purpose of giving refuge. These, again, were dependent upon their immunity from a direct hit, and while the percentage of them that received direct hits was very, very small, those that did not escape had casualties that made it all too clear that the risk was too great. The population could not be indifferent, for deep penetrating bombs pierced the floors of buildings and exploded, razing them to the ground, and in the streets contact-fused bombs burst with horizontal blast, killing everybody within 200 yards. There was no safety anywhere. Morale broke down, and the people had to be given complete protection. The alternative was capitulation to the enemy. Deep shelters were provided and the death-rate decreased. These deep shelters were made first in the vicinity of Barcelona's docks, then in the squares, parks, near schools, and in other places, gradually extending towards the outskirts of the city. They accommodate six hundred thousand fugitives when air raids are in progress. Seating is provided for half that number and there is standing room for the remainder of the people. The work of deep-shelter construction in Barcelona went on day and night, with women as well as men helping.



AFTER SANG-FROID HAD REPLACED TERROR IN BARCELONA, AS A RESULT OF EFFICIENT AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF THE "ALL CLEAR" BEING SOUNDED, SHOWING PEOPLE GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS UNDISTURBED.



THE EFFECT OF HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMBS AT BARCELONA: PART OF A WHOLE STREET WITH WINDOWS DRAWN OUTWARDS BY THE SUCTION EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION.



THE INDISCRIMINATE VIOLENCE WHICH IS AN INEVITABLE FEATURE OF AERIAL BOMBARDMENTS OF LARGE CITIES: BARCELONA CATHEDRAL SEVERELY DAMAGED BY A BOMB.

merchants, and proud of being one of the oldest races on the Mediterranean seaboard.

The population of the city has been increased by the influx of refugees from those parts of Spain where the Government has lost control, and also from the villages surrounding the city, until there are quite two millions in Barcelona. Abandonment of homes by people who fear invading armies is understandable, and history is lamentably crowded with evidence of such reaction, but, up to recently, the army of the invader had to thrust its way through the defensive forces before it could get at the civil population. The bombing plane has altered all that, and towns and villages hundreds of miles away from the seat of fighting between armed forces are now open to attack of the same intensity as those experienced by trained military forces.

We are fortunate in having had an example of the reaction of the civil population of Barcelona to the application of this method of warfare. The outbreak of war found the people completely unprepared and unprotected against attacks from the air. It is considered by many who have studied the subject that the military authorities responsible for the attacks did not take sufficient advantage of the defencelessness of the population, and did not drive home their terrorism. Whether this is correct or not I do not pretend to say. From official records that I was privileged to inspect when in Barcelona I saw that, usually, air raids were carried out by single planes, and that the death-roll and casualties from these solitary attackers always reached the three-figure mark.



HOW AERIAL BOMBARDMENT TAKES TOLL OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS: AN OLD WOMAN BEING HELPED ALONG AFTER BEING INJURED IN A RAID AT BARCELONA.

and their breaking morale rallied a little, until the enemy, changing its tactics of dropping large bombs, broadcast over considerable areas bombs weighing only 20 lb. each. The comparative safety, therefore, that it was thought the trenches would give, owing to the immunity from anything but a direct hit, was completely destroyed, because of the number of times that the small bombs found their way into them. This can best be understood if you consider that an aeroplane taking one ton of high explosive

The earlier shelters were crowded to suffocation during raids, and many people were killed within the shelters owing to lack of order, but as the number increased, people learned discipline, and, notwithstanding the greater frequency, of the raids and the greater power of the bombs, less and less damage to personnel was done, and greater and greater became the confidence of the people in the measures that were being taken for their safety. To-day nothing daunts them. The economic blockade has reduced them to dreadful straits as regards the standard of living: hunger is written very clearly upon the features of everybody in Barcelona, but there is no fear from the air, merely great discomfort, and the whole process of bombing has been changed from that of abject terror to something which is extraordinarily irksome to bear. This change in feeling is the most important lesson to come out of the stricken city.

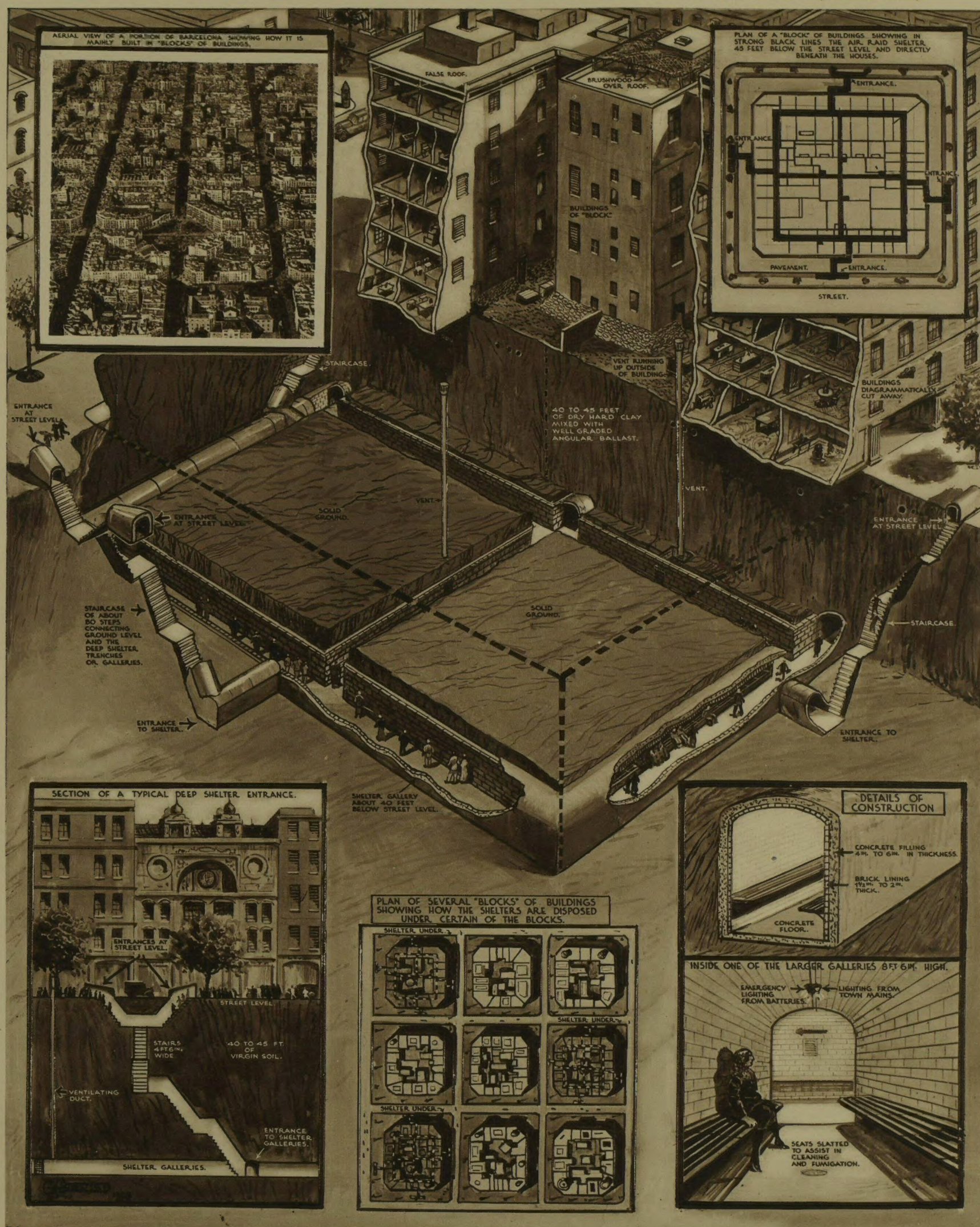
We in this country are divided in our opinions as to whether animals should suffer vivisection for the benefit of humanity. There is little doubt that

vivisection of the people of Barcelona is being made by those who control the bombers, but not with the excuse of humanitarianism. The object has been to find out the reaction of the civil population, and the Government to the new weapon of modern warfare. We should not be slow to learn the reason of its failure. If we ignore it we may not have the chance which ignorance placed in the hands of the attackers on Barcelona. Bomb-proof shelters should be provided for everybody likely to be exposed to aerial warfare.



# LESSONS OF BARCELONA: DEEP SHELTERS—STILL UNKNOWN IN LONDON.

Drawn by G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. CYRIL HELSBY. (PHOTOGRAPH OF BARCELONA REPRODUCED FROM "AIR RAID" BY COURTESY OF MR. J. LANGDON DAVIES.)



## THE DEEP SHELTER, THE MEASURE WHICH ENABLED THE PEOPLE OF BARCELONA TO ENDURE HEAVY AERIAL BOMBARDMENTS WITH VERY FEW CASUALTIES: DETAILS OF DISTRIBUTION AND CONSTRUCTION EXPLAINED.

The above drawing was made from descriptions and material supplied by Mr. Cyril Helsby, author of the article on the opposite page, a structural engineer who has recently returned from Barcelona. He gives the following details of the Barcelona deep shelters. "All the new city of Barcelona was built in blocks of buildings, as will be seen from the illustration. Directly beneath these 'blocks' have been built deep air-raid shelters, some 40 to 45 ft. down. The idea was ultimately to provide a shelter for every other block, though this is not so at present. The galleries were cut out of the clay and gravel soil which is so hard and dry that this can be done without strutting. These shelter galleries are in many instances 8½ ft. in height and about 4 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. wide, and provided with slatted seats. The ventilation is natural, fresh air entering from the stairways

and escaping by the ventilating ducts, but provision has also been made for forced ventilation by means of electrically-driven fans. There are usually 80 to 90 steps connecting the street with the galleries, and there are usually eight entrances at street-level, with four staircases, each 4 ft. 6 in. wide. The entrances are built on the kerbs of the wide pavements to prevent their being choked with the debris of falling buildings. The galleries are lighted by electricity from the town mains, but there is also emergency lighting provided by batteries. There is practically no protection of the roofs of the large buildings of Barcelona, though the method of building a false roof for ventilating and cooling purposes in the hot sun has in some cases caused bombs to explode on contact and to damage only the upper floors. Brushwood is also used in certain instances."



# "THE BRIDEGROOMS OF DEATH": NATIONALIST BOMBERS FILMED IN ACTION.



THE ITALIAN AIR LEGION IN SPAIN PROVIDES MATERIAL FOR A DOCUMENTARY FILM: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A MACHINE FLYING OVER CATALONIA; SHOWING (IN FOREGROUND) ITS MACHINE-GUNS PROJECTING FROM THE TURRET.



BOMBING OVER THE SNOW-COVERED SIERRAS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A RAID BY "SPARVIERI" AIRCRAFT; WITH BOMBS SEEN FALLING AFTER BEING RELEASED FROM A UNIT OF THE SQUADRON.



THE ITALIAN AIR LEGION EXHIBITS ITS PROWESS FOR THE CAMERA: NATIONALIST BOMBERS RELEASING THEIR BOMBS OVER GOVERNMENT POSITIONS IN THE SNOW-CAPPED SIERRAS—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF AN AERIAL RAID.



A TRIBUTE TO THE ACCURACY OF ITALIAN LEGION AIR FORCE BOMBERS: THE PORT OF BARCELONA AS SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING A RAID; SHOWING BOMBS BURSTING ON THE WHARVES.



POSSESSING THE DRAMATIC QUALITIES OF A HOLLYWOOD FILM OF AERIAL WARFARE: AN INCIDENT IN "THE BRIDEGROOMS OF DEATH"—AN ACTUAL RAID BY NATIONALIST BOMBERS ON A SPANISH GOVERNMENT POSITION.

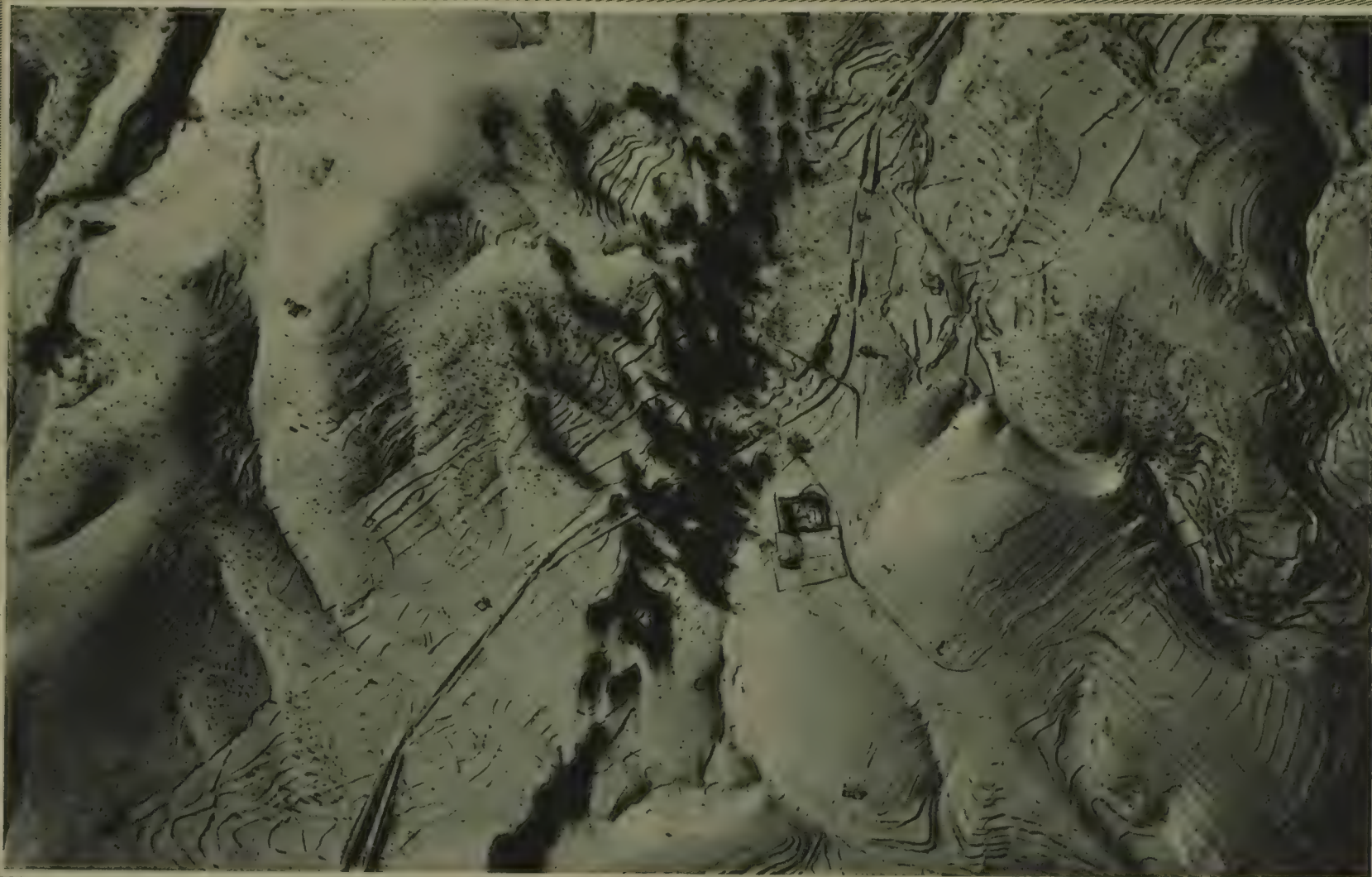
An interesting documentary film has recently been produced by the "Editoriale Aeronautica" which has as its subject the Italian Legion Air Force in Spain. The film has been entitled "The Bridegrooms of Death," and takes its name from the song of the Legion. All the photographs used in this production were taken in the actual zone of operations in Spain and for the most part over Government territory at a height of between 16,000 and 19,000 ft. Sometimes the photography was carried on amidst bursting anti-aircraft shells, and the

operators, who made more than 300 flights, found their work strenuous, difficult, and at times dangerous. The producers state: "For the first time it has been possible to take authentic shots of aerial duels with the aid of a special patented system consisting of cameras synchronised with the armament equipment on board the fighter aircraft." In this connection, it is of interest to note that the British pilot, to whose extraordinary photographs we refer on our front page, also used a similar method for his photography and worked the shutter of his camera

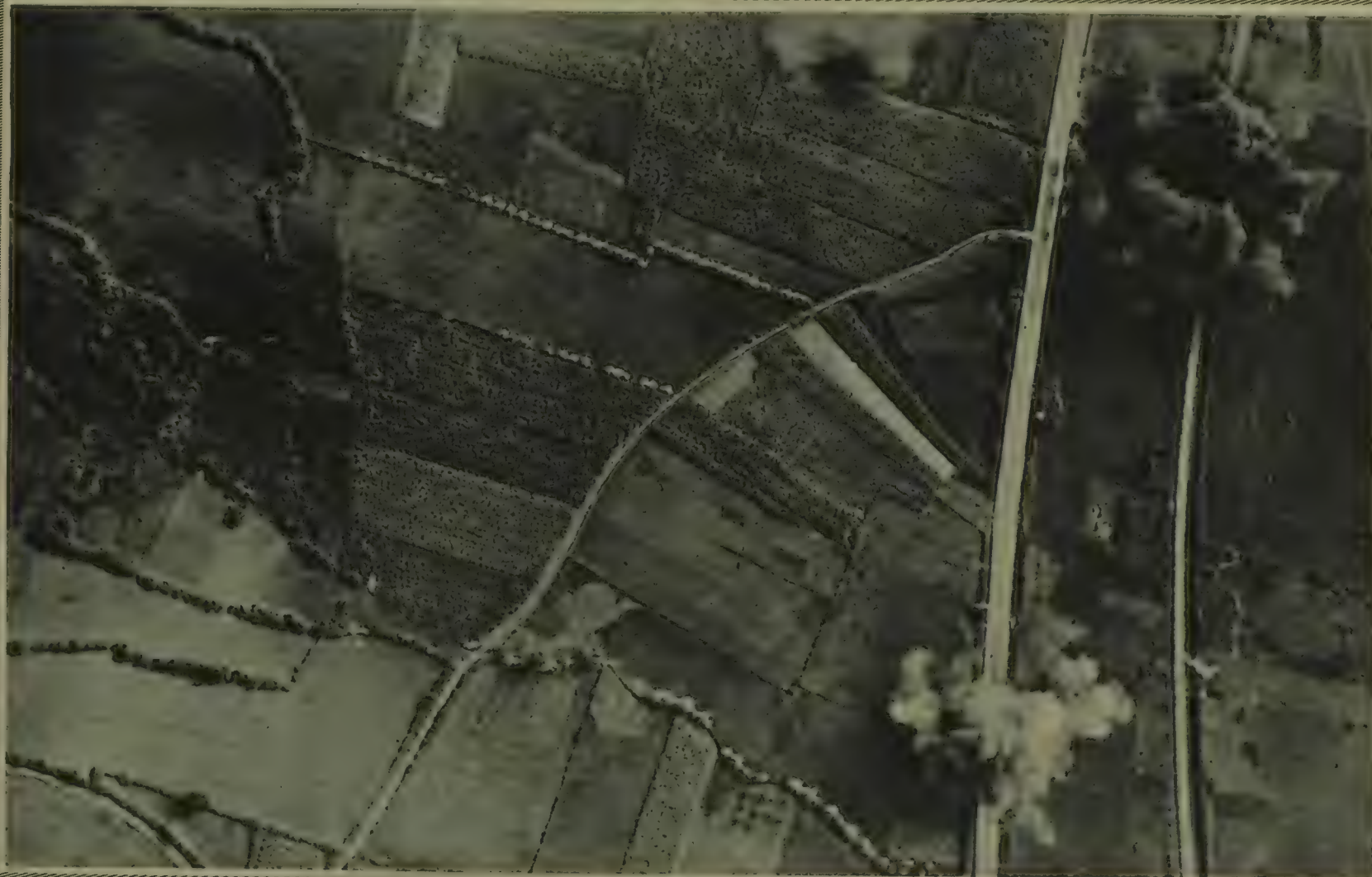
[Continued opposite.



## THE AIRMAN'S VIEW OF BOMBING: NATIONALIST AIR RAIDS IN SPAIN.



THE EFFECT OF A RAID BY NATIONALIST BOMBERS AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A "BARRAGE" OF BOMBS RELEASED BY THE SQUADRON BURSTING SIMULTANEOUSLY ON SPANISH GOVERNMENT TRENCHES—A "STILL" FROM AN ITALIAN FILM WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE ACCURACY OF THE LEGION AIRMEN.



AN ATTACK ON THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT'S LINES OF COMMUNICATION CARRIED OUT BY "AERIAL ARTILLERY": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE BOMBS HAVE BURST ON THEIR OBJECTIVES, THE PALL OF SMOKE SHOWING THE ACCURACY OF THE ITALIAN LEGION AIR FORCE BOMBERS' AIM.

*Continued.*

with an attachment to the trigger of his machine-gun. In his case, however, only one photograph could be obtained on each flight. Apart from the dramatic "stills" of bombing raids shown on this and the facing page, "The Bridegrooms of Death" includes sequences showing Fiats fighting Government Curtiss machines and two Government aircraft crashing in flames. The accuracy of the Nationalist bombers is shown in photographs taken from the air in which the pall of smoke from the bursting bombs indicates that the particular objective—

aerodrome, military road or Government position—has been hit and in other photographs the bombs are seen dropping from the aircraft. Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce some of the earliest photographs ever taken of war scenes which make an interesting comparison with these, for in the intervening period of time not only has the scene of battle enlarged in scope to include the sky, but the camera itself has become a means of recording every aspect of the combat with aerial photography.



## "SWANS, DUCKS AND GEESE, AND THE WINGED WINTER BROOD."

### "WILD CHORUS": By PETER SCOTT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

She came in confidently, without circling at all, and settled at the foot of the bank twenty yards from where I stood with my bucket of corn. I called to

EVERYBODY who is interested in either painting or bird-life must by now be acquainted with Mr. Peter Scott's paintings of wildfowl. Birds in flight have never been better delineated than by him, and he has the advantage over some bird draughtsmen, celebrated for their fidelity to nature, of being a really good artist; quite apart from any question of zoological accuracy. This sumptuous volume contains—apart from scores of illustrations in black and white—a number of beautiful reproductions in colour. So admirable are these pictures of water under the lights of dawn, sunset and moonrise, that they would stand on their own merits even were the birds, to which they nominally provide the background, eliminated.

The pictures, in fact, would make this book worth the money even were there no text. But the text reveals Mr. Scott as being as charming a writer as he is a painter. It is not a systematic, connected book. It contains a series of self-contained chapters which consist of little essays, memories, letters from abroad, recording Mr. Scott's experiences with and views about wild birds, and particularly ducks and geese. He has made his home in a lighthouse over a Norfolk estuary, where he keeps a large number of tame ducks and geese and can watch the migrations of the birds and paint them in all their motions. Sometimes, for shooting and bird-watching, he will travel to other parts of Britain; sometimes he makes excursions far afield in search of rarities. The most exciting and amusing chapters in this book deal with his journeys in search of the rare and beautiful red-breasted goose, of which he wanted specimens for his aviary. To Hungary he went, to Rumania and the Danube Delta, to the snows of Bessarabia, to the Caspian marshes, to Persia. Other birds he saw in myriads and now and then, inextricably mixed with other geese, an odd red-breasted goose. Not one did he ever capture alive or dead, and when at last he was able to add a pair to his little farmyard they were a present from the late Duchess of Bedford and came from no farther away than Woburn.

Some of the birds he describes are as real and individual as people. "Barnacle Bill" is a character, but my favourite is Anabel. Anabel is a pink-footed goose who joined his geese in September 1936. She soon learnt to feed on Mr. Scott's corn and remained with him all through the winter, until in May (long after all her kind had gone north) the urge came upon her and she vanished. Would she ever return? "Greenland, Spitzbergen and Iceland, the breeding-grounds of all the pink-feet in the world, are dangerous places for a single goose. There are arctic foxes and falcons and men, for all of whom a goose is just a very good meal. As October began I became apprehensive. There were also the dangers of the early autumn to be overcome, when the geese are stubbling in Scotland, and later in Yorkshire; a hundred possible fates might have overtaken Anabel. But none of them had, and at noon on October 9, 1937, I heard her shout high up in a dappled autumn sky. She was a tiny speck when I first saw her, almost straight above me, and with bowed wings she hurtled downwards.

her and she walked straight up to me." It takes some time for a book like this to get through the press, so Mr. Scott's readers do not know whether Anabel has returned again this winter. If she has, next year she might turn up with a family.

Mr. Scott once arranged a broadcast of the bird-noises in St. James's Park and is proud to think that he was the first man to imitate the call of a goose over the wireless. We all have our little triumphs! He writes a chapter about that; later he has an amusing chapter about "fabulous birds," "those oddities so often reported and invariably found to be commonplace." But there still may be unknown species in the world, and there still may linger a few pairs of species deemed extinct. Amongst these last Mr. Scott counts the crested shelduck, an Asiatic beauty of which no specimen has been seen for over twenty

"It is," he remarks, "exactly one hundred years since the last great bustard walked the plains of England." I think I am right in saying that its disappearance was largely due to its being coursed by greyhounds; it is possible that, were it reintroduced, like the bittern, it might now be given a better chance. However, species are still in danger, not only locally here, but all over the world.

"We may read indignantly of the great auk and the passenger pigeon and say complacently that such a thing could never happen nowadays, but only by the narrowest margin is the trumpeter swan of North America, the largest of all waterfowl, still included in the avifauna of the world. After a remarkable recovery there are now some two hundred individuals, and it seems that the crisis is passed owing to the vigorous protection which it is receiving in its breeding haunts in Canada and its winter haunts in the United States.

"Like the passenger pigeon and the Esquimaux curlew, the trumpeter has near allies which are still quite common. The whistling swan, though much smaller, is otherwise almost the same, just as the Hudsonian curlew closely resembles the Esquimaux curlew and the Carolina dove is but a smaller edition of the passenger pigeon. To scientists the loss is none the less on that account; but I mourn more the extinction of the little Labrador duck who filled a genus of his own, and is now gone for ever. He was a sea-duck akin to those romantic birds the eiders, and his plumage was gaily piebald. Sixty



THE HOME OF MR. PETER SCOTT, AUTHOR OF "WILD CHORUS": A LIGHTHOUSE STANDING AT THE MOUTH OF AN EAST COAST RIVER, WHERE HE HAS UNRIVALLED OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE CLOSE STUDY OF THE WAYS OF WILDFOWL.

"The lighthouse (in Mr. Peter Scott's own words) is no longer in commission as an aid to navigation, if it ever was, and is surrounded on three sides by a salting on which there are tidal pools, and on and around these tidal pools the geese and ducks have their home. . . . From the studio window I can often watch twenty or more widgeon settling in a pool just below me, and no more than fifteen yards away."



"TEN LITTLE REDBREASTS": AN ASPECT OF MR. PETER SCOTT'S ART, SHOWING HIS CAPACITY FOR EVOLVING A HARMONIOUS PATTERN OUT OF BIRD GROUPS.



"MID-ISLAND STRANGFORD LOCH AND THE BRENTS": ONE OF MR. PETER SCOTT'S WONDERFULLY WELL-OBSERVED AND EVOCATIVE PAINTINGS OF BIRD FLIGHT WHICH ILLUSTRATE HIS BOOK "WILD CHORUS."

Reproductions from "Wild Chorus"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Country Life, Ltd.

years. Let us hope the next seen will not be shot. Mr. Scott ends with a plea for better protection. He is not an anti-shooter. Far from it. Many of the most exciting pages in his book record days with gun and rifle, days of stalking and punt-gunning. But it is evident that he would rather never handle a gun again than risk the extermination of a species.

another matter) I don't see much point in shooting wild geese at all, as few people find them edible.

I observe, by the way, that Mr. Scott acknowledges that without the co-operation of geese many of his chapters could not have been written. I have often suspected authors of having geese as collaborators—with less commendable results!

years ago they were to be seen occasionally hanging in the markets of New York."

The Hawaiian goose is one of the finest birds which is in grave danger of extinction. Extinction apart, it seems certain that wildfowl generally are diminishing in numbers. Modern weapons have their drawbacks: Mr. Scott met on the Black Sea a man who was proud of having shot seventy swans in one flight! In America the shooting season for wildfowl has been reduced to six weeks; no shooting is allowed between four in the afternoon and seven in the morning, and there is a rigid bag limit. Such drastic measures are not yet needed here. But "who, amongst true wildfowlers, would not at once willingly forgo a month of his shooting season to ensure that the music of the wild geese may be heard over the moonlit marshes far into the future?" For myself (though wild duck are quite

\* "Wild Chorus." By Peter Scott. Illustrated. (Country Life: Five guineas.)





STARLINGS DARKENING THE SKY—LIKE LOCUSTS: AN EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR RETFORD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE; SUCH STARLING SWARMS BEING PARALLELED FROM SEVERAL PLACES IN ENGLAND. (Photograph by F. G. Rippingale, Retford.)



REMINISCENT OF BOMBERS IN THEIR REGULAR "ARROW-HEAD" FORMATION: A SKEIN OF GESE PHOTOGRAPHED CROSSING THE RIVER IDLE, WITH THORESBY HALL PARK IN THE DISTANCE—SHOWING THEIR HIGHLY CHARACTERISTIC SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE SKY. (Photograph by Ronald Barraud, Nottingham.)

We give here two very fine photographs of wild birds in England, the lower one of which offers an interesting parallel with one of Mr. Peter Scott's paintings on the opposite page. The activities of vast crowds of starlings such as are illustrated in the upper one have attracted a good deal of attention in England of late years. A most remarkable instance of this was witnessed recently at Rivenhall, Essex, where starlings flocked to a particular wood in ever-increasing

numbers. All the undergrowth in the wood was stated to have been killed in spite of repeated efforts by farmers to get rid of the birds. According to Saunders and Clarke, the starling has been on the increase in the British Isles for many years. Furthermore, it is usual for large flocks of immigrants from North-West and Central Europe to appear on our northern and eastern coasts from September to November.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### SOME OF NATURE'S "PERFUMERS."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE study of animal life is all too commonly confined to the collection and the naming of species, a task first attempted, we are told, by Adam in the Garden of Eden. True, learned professors of zoology have enlarged the scope of their study to include the internal structure of a host of different types. But little, however, has yet been done to associate this structure with "behaviour," even where the two are, as so often, intimately associated.

A very striking illustration of this association is found in the production and diffusion of scent in moths and butterflies. It has long been known that if a female Vapourer-moth, which is wingless, be confined in a small box, the lid of which is replaced by a piece of muslin, and placed, say, on the sill outside the window, in a surprisingly short space of time several males will be doing their best to gain access to the invisible prisoner. An examination of the antennæ in the two sexes first gave the clue to the mystery of this strange behaviour. For it was seen that those of the female were long and thread-like, while in the male they were not only longer, but bore long side-branches, ranged like the teeth of a comb. Experiment showed that the female was able to discharge some powerful odour into the air, and that the male, by his peculiar antennæ, was enabled to trace this odour to its source a mile or more away. That this scent is very powerful is shown by the fact that, if the female be removed and the empty box replaced, it will, for some time after, continue to attract males! But that odour, sniff as we will, is imperceptible to our nostrils. It was not, however, until these antennæ were examined under the microscope that the precise means of this amazing scent-detection was found; and the microscope also revealed the source of this scent in the female. The same experiment can be tried with the female Oak-eggjar and the Peppered-moth, both of them common British moths.

The scents discharged are of two kinds. Some butterflies, for example, discharge odours which are repellent to birds, amongst their chief enemies; others a scent which is pleasing. In some instances these odours are perceptible to our nostrils, as with the green-veined white butterfly. If held gently, Dr. Eltringham tells us, between thumb and finger, and the nose brought close to the wings when slightly opened, a strong scent will be noticed as of lemon verbena.

Complicated structural features are often associated with this scent-production. The most elaborate organs of this kind so far discovered are those of the large and conspicuous Danaidæ butterflies of the African and Oriental regions. Herein the males have a pair of brushes tucked away in the hinder end of the body. Each consists of a delicate bag lined with

long hairs or bristles. When they are to be used they are thrust out beyond the tail by the pressure of fluid within the body. As a result they are turned inside out, so that the hairy lining now forms a pair of brushes, like bottle-brushes, very conspicuous when the creature is flying. Being impregnated with scent these brushes distribute it as the flight proceeds. The perfume is apparently formed in glands at the base of the hairs, which are tubular, and escapes through minute pores at their tips. The male butterflies of the genus *Amauris* show on the hind-wing, on the border near the body, a small patch which has a slightly greasy appearance. Examined microscopically

allied species hovering over a female, and rapidly protruding and withdrawing these brushes, as if to scatter upon her this perfumed dust!

There are some butterflies, as in *Limnas chrysippus*, wherein the males carry scented powder in a pouch in the hind wing, and distribute it by thrusting the tail-brushes into its cavity, which is shown in Fig. 2. These brushes and pouches are indeed remarkable structures, and they become very much more so when we consider the co-ordinated movements necessary to perform their functions. What "urges" the male to fish out this perfumed dust from a pouch which

he cannot see? It is not enough to say that the mechanism for its use is set going by the presence of a female. What started it; and what gave rise to the sense of "awareness" of its existence, of the existence of the pair of brushes at the end of his tail? By the way, though similar in structure, these brushes do not function in exactly the same way.

There is another butterfly (*Callidupa*

*varia*) wherein scent-distributing hairs form a fringe along the front margin of the hind-wing (Fig. 4). Here, apparently, the hairs discharge their perfume during flight. In one of the moths to be found every year in

England—the Ghost Swift-moth (*Hepialis humuli*)—a long fringe of scent-distributing hairs is borne on the hind-leg (Fig. 3). Those who have the good fortune to capture a specimen, and possess a keen sense of smell, tell us that it diffuses an aroma like that of a pineapple. In our Meadow-brown butterflies we find a pencil of hairs lying flat on the surface of the wing, in contact with special scent-producing scales which emit their perfumes when the hairs are erected and opened fanwise.

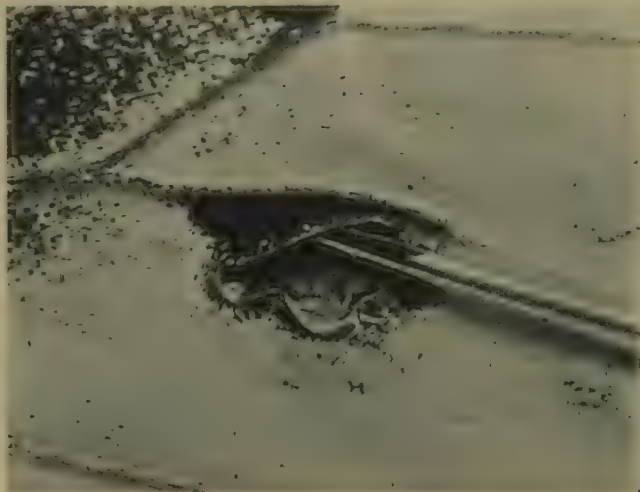
The sense of smell in butterflies and moths is by no means confined to its use as an aphrodisiac. They evidently rely on it to discover their food and the proper food plant on which to lay their eggs, for example. All garden lovers who grow buddleia must have been charmed by the hosts of Red Admirals which swarm down on its flower-spikes. Entomologists take advantage of it by "sugaring" for moths. That is to say, by brushing a mixture of beer, treacle and rum, sometimes reinforced by essence of

Jargonella pears, on the trunks of trees and gateposts after darkness falls. All sorts come to the feast, and I have known the "old lady" to indulge in a drinking-bout of this kind until it falls to the ground helpless! The beautiful Purple Emperor butterfly can be enticed from his lofty perch in an oak-tree to suck the juices from a decaying carcass placed at the foot of the tree. But, curiously enough, only the male displays this depraved taste!



1. SHOWING THE POSITION AND APPEARANCE OF THE REMARKABLE SCENT-PRODUCING POUCH IN THE HIND-WING (WITHIN CIRCLE) SEEN, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED, IN FIG. 2: THE DANAID GOLDEN BUTTERFLY (*LIMNAS CHRYSIPPUS*).

Photographs by Harold Bastin.



2. A SPECIES IN WHICH THE TAIL-BRUSHES ARE USED TO SCRAPE OUT SCENTED DUST FROM A RECEPTACLE ON THE HIND-WING: THE DANAID GOLDEN BUTTERFLY (*LIMNAS CHRYSIPPUS*); SHOWING THE SCENT-POUCH WITH THE FREE EDGE RAISED BY MEANS OF A NEEDLE. (Highly magnified.)



3. GIVING OFF AN AROMA, WHICH HAS BEEN LIKENED TO THAT OF A PINEAPPLE: THE TUFT OF SCENT-DISTILLING HAIRS ON THE HIND-LEG OF THE MALE GHOST SWIFT-MOTH (*HEPIALIS HUMULI*). (Magnified.)



4. A FRINGE OF SCENT-DISTRIBUTING HAIRS GROWING FROM THE FRONT MARGIN OF THE HIND-WING IN *CALLIDUPE VARIA*: A SPECIES RELATED TO THE EGGAR AND LAPPET-MOTHS WHICH DISCHARGES A PERFUME FROM THIS SOURCE WHILE IN FLIGHT. (Highly magnified.)

brushes are of different kinds. Some scrape out the scent-liquid and are stiff; others are excessively fine, mere filaments, and very closely jointed. They break up into small fragments impregnated with the scent, and are sent adrift into the air by the brushes, which may be described as animated powder-puffs! The precise manner of this distribution was discovered, a few years ago, by my friend Dr. G. D. Hale Carpenter, who actually saw a male of a nearly



## A VITAL FACTOR IN OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE: THE 3·7 IN. A.-A. GUN.



AN AIR DEFENCE NEED SATISFIED: A LINE OF RECENTLY COMPLETED 3·7 IN. A.-A. GUNS AT A NOTTINGHAM FACTORY.

Considerable interest has been shown in the rate of production of the 3·7 in. A.-A. gun, particularly since the crisis in September, and in referring to the details of anti-aircraft defence in a speech at Devonport on January 6 Mr. Hore-Belisha, the Minister for War, said: "Another type of gun is the 3·7 in., the design of which was finally approved in 1937. The batteries of the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division will be complete to war strength in this type of gun within a month." Our photograph shows a

number of these weapons being finished at the Royal Ordnance Factory at Nottingham which was visited by Mr. Hore-Belisha on January 13. The factory was only purchased by the War Office three years ago, but it is now producing 3·7 in. guns at a steady rate, while extensions have been made to provide for the manufacture of light anti-aircraft guns and anti-tank guns. It works in co-operation with Woolwich Arsenal, from which the managing and technical staffs were largely drawn. (Topical.)



## FRANCO AND HIS COMMANDERS; AND PHOTOGRAPHS NEAR TARRAGONA.



TYPICAL OF THE PRECIOUS ROMAN RELICS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TARRAGONA, WHERE FIGHTING HAS RECENTLY BEEN TAKING PLACE: AN AQUEDUCT OUTSIDE THE CITY.



IN REUS, THE CATALAN TOWN TO THE WEST OF TARRAGONA, WHICH FELL TO THE NATIONALISTS ON JANUARY 15, SHORTLY BEFORE TARRAGONA ITSELF: THE MARKET PLACE.



GEN. MUÑOZ GRANDE: COMMANDER OF THE "URGEL" ARMY CORPS—ONE OF THREE NEW CORPS FORMED FOR THE CATALONIA OFFENSIVE.



GENERAL FRANCO WITH GENERAL DAVILA ARRONDO, NATIONALIST DEFENCE MINISTER AND COMMANDER OF THE "ARMY OF THE NORTH"; ON THE CATALAN FRONT.



GENERAL JOSÉ SOLCHAGA Y ZALA; COMMANDER OF THE NAVARRE ARMY CORPS WHICH ADVANCED SOUTH-EASTWARDS FROM SEROS.



GENERAL JUAN YAGUÉ BLANCO; COMMANDER OF THE MOROCCAN ARMY CORPS WHICH OPERATED ON THE EBRO.



GENERAL R. GARCIA VALIÑO; COMMANDER OF THE "MAESTRAZGO" CORPS WHICH MADE A SURPRISE ATTACK IN A NORTHERN SECTOR.



GENERAL JOSÉ MOSCARDITO IVARTE; FAMOUS AS DEFENDER OF THE ALCAZAR, AND COMMANDER OF THE ARAGON CORPS.

General Franco's forces entered Tarragona on January 15. Some interesting details were given of the commanders of his successful offensive in Catalonia by a "Times" correspondent on January 17. The first new Army Corps ("Maestrazgo") was put under the command of General García Valiño, who did well in the Bilbao campaign. The second new Army Corps, that of "Urgel," was commanded by General Muñoz Grande, a veteran of the northern campaigns. General Yagué's

Moroccan Corps also took part, operating on the lower Ebro. General Solchaga's Navarre Army Corps was in the Seros bridgehead on the Segre. The Legionary Corps, formed partly of Italians, was on General Solchaga's left. The Army Corps of Aragon, commanded by General Moscardo, was in the bridgehead at Balaguer. General García Valiño's forces made an unexpected attack between Tremp and Balaguer in the north, crossing the Noguera, Pallaresa and Segre Rivers.



## IN CATALONIA: NATIONALIST MEN, MATERIEL, AND PRISONERS.



TANKS THAT OPERATED IN GENERAL FRANCO'S SUCCESSFUL CATALONIA OFFENSIVE: LIGHT MACHINES (APPEARING TO BE CAPTURED GOVERNMENT TANKS CONVERTED) PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE ADVANCE ON TARRAGONA. (Keystone.)



AN EXAMPLE OF THE ACCUMULATION OF ARTILLERY WHICH IS BELIEVED TO BE ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE NATIONALIST OFFENSIVE AGAINST CATALONIA: A BATTERY OF 15.5-CM. (6.1-IN.) HOWITZERS.



CAVALRY—AN ARM WHICH HAS SURVIVED AND DONE USEFUL WORK FOR GENERAL FRANCO IN SPAIN: A COLUMN ON THE MOVE OVER FIELDS DURING THE CATALONIA OFFENSIVE. (A.P.)



CAPTURED BY GENERAL FRANCO'S FORCES IN THEIR ADVANCE IN CATALONIA: REPUBLICAN PRISONERS LINING A ROAD, STATED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN ON THE CAMARADA FRONT.



ANOTHER BATCH OF PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE NATIONALISTS IN CATALONIA: MEN WHOSE APPEARANCE SEEMS TO GIVE PROOF OF A SEVERE ORDEAL. (Planet.)

We give here some photographs of the fighting in Catalonia. General Franco put six Spanish army corps in the line against the Catalans: namely, the Navarre, Aragon, Moroccan, and three new ones named the "Maestrazgo" Corps, "Urgel" Corps and the "Catalonia" Corps; besides the Italian "Legionary" Corps, which operated on the Segre. The reason for General Franco's successes seems to be, primarily, his huge accumulation of guns and ammunition.

It is believed that, wherever possible, Nationalist operations have all been postponed during the winter, to the advantage of this accumulation. There are no signs of the Nationalists running out of their stocks of ammunition at present. In some parts of the line, at the start, they are stated to have had one gun to every nine yards of front—as great a proportion as that obtained by the Germans for the initial bombardment of Verdun.



## WIND-SLAB AVALANCHES, THE WORST ENEMY OF SKI-ERS: A DANGER MANY WINTER-SPORTSMEN ARE IGNORANT OF.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY F. S. SMYTHE.



1. THE CAUSE OF THE FORMATION OF WIND-SLABS, THE SKI-RUNNER'S MOST TREACHEROUS ENEMY, WHICH MAY INVOLVE HIM IN A FATAL AVALANCHE: SNOW BEING DRIVEN BY THE WIND, WITHOUT A FRESH FALL.



2. A WARNING SIGN: SNOW FORMATIONS THAT TELL THE EXPERIENCED SKIER THAT THERE HAS BEEN A HIGH WIND WHICH MAY HAVE FORMED WIND-SLABS.

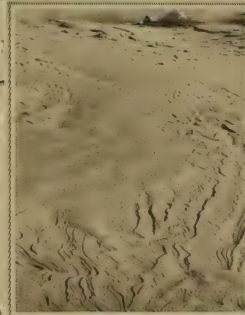
This series of photographs—almost certainly unique—illustrating the development of a winter sports danger of which the majority of holiday skiers are probably quite ignorant have been sent to us by Mr. F. S. Smythe, famous for the part he has played in Mount Everest expeditions. The photographs were taken in Switzerland. The following is Mr. Smythe's description of them. "Nine out of ten Alpine avalanche accidents that occur during the winter months are due to wind-slabs. This is the most treacherous form of avalanche and often the most difficult to foresee and



3. WIND-SLAB FORMATIONS IN THE LEA OF A RIDGE: SMOOTH-LOOKING PATCHES WHICH HIDE AT DANGER, INCLUDING A SMALL ONE WHERE THE SKI-TRACKS END.



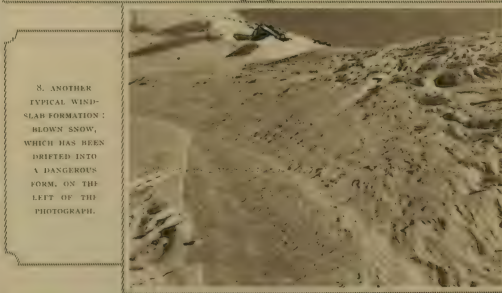
4. A CLOSER VIEW OF A TYPICAL WIND-SLAB: A SMOOTH, STEEP SURFACE, WHICH PRIMARILY SEEMS ONLY A TOUCH TO BEING IT DOWN IN AN AVALANCHE.



5. ANOTHER VIEW OF A WIND-SLAB: A DANGER AREA INDICATED BY THE SMOOTH-LOOKING SNOW (COMPACTED BY WIND ACTION) BETWEEN RIPPLED PATCHES.



6. HOW A WIND-SLAB BEGINS TO BREAK AWAY: A THIN CRACK APPEARING LIKE A WHITE LINE ON EITHER SIDE OF WHERE THE SKI-STEPS HAVE BEEN CUT.



8. ANOTHER TYPICAL WIND-SLAB FORMATION: BLOWN SNOW, WHICH HAS BEEN DRIFTED INTO A DANGEROUS FORM, ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.



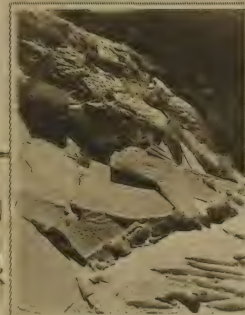
11. SLIDING MORE AND MORE QUICKLY: BLOCKS OF GREAT WEIGHT RUSHING DOWNWARDS AND TRAPPING ANY SKIER THEY MEET.



9. AN OMINOUS CRACK APPEARING, AS A WIND-SLAB BEGINS TO BREAK UP AND SLIDE DOWN IN HUGE BLOCKS.



10. AS THE AVALANCHE BEGINS: THE HUGE BLOCKS OF COMPACTED SNOW SLIDING DOWNWARDS.



12. JUMBLED BLOCKS THAT WOULD TRAP THE SKIER WHO HAD STARTED THE WIND-SLAB SLIDING.



13. A SKIER REMOVES SKIS AND SLIDES WHEN CROSSING A WIND-SLAB: A PRACTICAL PRECAUTION.



7. THE AVALANCHE BEGINS: THE HARD SURFACE OF THE WIND-SLAB CRACKS WITH A DULL BOOMING THUD; FOLLOWED BY A HARSH GRATING SOUND AS IT BEGINS TO SLIDE.



14. THE DEADLY EFFECT PRODUCED WHEN A WIND-SLAB BREAKS: BLOCKS OF COMPACTED SNOW, WHICH MAY WEIGH HALF A TON, AND TRAP A SKIER AND CRUSH OR SUFFOCATE HIM.

detect. It cannot be too strongly stressed that even simple runs traversed by hundreds of ski-runners daily may, in certain conditions, become dangerous owing to wind-slab, and it behoves the skier to learn not only his turns, but also something about snow-craft, so that his winter sports holiday ends, as it should do, in health and pleasure, not disaster and the grave. The wind-slab is formed by wind. It must always be suspected after a fall of new snow accompanied by wind, and it may occur simply as the result of wind. Snow when it first falls is crystalline, and if undisturbed by wind quickly consolidates and becomes safe, but when blown by the wind, friction causes it to lose its crystalline form and it becomes a small, rounded pellet. These pellets are whirled along to settle in the lee of ridges and in hollows and wide gullies, where they form a hard, compact shield of snow. This shield or slab is so compacted that it is only able to consolidate very slowly under the influence of sun and wind, heat and cold. The underlying snow, however, if it be not wind-slab, is compacting more quickly. Thus a gap presently appears between the wind-slab and the slope on which it has formed. The wind-slab is left with few points of attachment, and a slight disturbance such as the passage of a skier, is sufficient to dislodge it. To all appearances a wind-slab appears safe, especially

as its hardness gives an additional feeling of security to the skier. It has, however, a curious velvety feel about it and may be distinguished as a smooth breast or shield of snow, rippled at the edges by wind. The skier who, through ignorance or imprudence, ventures upon a wind-slab will hear a dull, booming thud. The slope splits and caves in slightly as it does so. This caving-in has the effect of breaking it up into blocks, which may be anything from an inch or two thick and weighing but a few pounds (in which case the avalanche may be harmless), to six feet or more thick and weighing a ton or more. In the case of a large wind-slab, the only chance the skier has of survival is to remove his ski, as these soon drag him beneath the avalanche, and to lie on his back and adopt a swimming motion in order to keep on the surface of the avalanche. If he is overwhelmed he should try to keep one hand holding a ski-stick in the air, in order that his companions or a rescue-party may quickly discover him and dig him out. The greatest danger occurs when the avalanche stops and compacts, as immense pressures are set up and the skier may well be crushed by the jumble of hard snow-blocks. When crossing doubtful snow it is always safest to remove and carry the ski, as the cutting effect of ski is likely to detach an avalanche. In general, the skier

who undertakes tours should ascertain the direction of the wind during the last snowfall and take every precaution to avoid the lee of ridges. It should be remembered that a wind-slab avalanche may occur on slopes of moderate angle, as little as 20 degrees. Snow-craft is a fascinating study, and were it to be taught at winter sports resorts side by side with the technique of skiing, there is no doubt that avalanche accidents would be reduced by 90 per cent. or more."



# A WORLD PANORAMA: A SURVEY OF NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.



FROM PARIS TO LONDON IN 41 MINUTES: THE VICKERS SUPERMARINE "SPITFIRE" FIGHTER WHICH HAS SET UP A NEW RECORD.

On January 16 Flying-Officer J. K. Quill, a Vickers test pilot, flew a Vickers Supermarine "Spitfire" fighter from Le Bourget to Croydon in 41 minutes. The distance of 205 miles was covered at an average speed of some 300 m.p.h. and included climbing to a height of 18,000 ft. for the flight. The machine was flown at its normal cruising speed, but it has a normal maximum speed of over 350 m.p.h. (Associated Press.)



FRANCE REINFORCES HER GARRISON AT DJIBOUTI: A BATTALION OF SENEGALESE TROOPS, SENT FROM MARSEILLES, MARCHING TO THEIR BARRACKS ON ARRIVAL.

Italian troop movements on the border of French Somaliland recently led the Governor, M. Dechamps, to make an urgent request for reinforcements. A battalion of Senegalese riflemen was sent from Marseilles on December 31 to reinforce the garrison of 1800 men at Djibouti and a further detachment of Senegalese troops, numbering 750, left Marseilles on January 6. Some of these troops are seen above on their arrival. (Wide World.)



A NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM FOR SWEDEN: THE INTERIOR OF THE RECENTLY OPENED MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF SHIPPING AT STOCKHOLM.

The Museum of the History of Shipping, the new national Maritime Museum in Stockholm, was recently opened to the public. The exhibits give a complete survey of shipping in Sweden from the time of the Vikings to the present day. The building was designed by Professor Ragnar Östberg, the famous Swedish architect, who also designed the Stockholm Town Hall. An exterior view of the Museum was published in our issue of May 28 last year.



A NEW ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL IN THE NIZAM'S DOMINIONS CONSECRATED: THE BUILDING AT DORNAKAL, DESIGNED IN THE INDO-SARACENIC STYLE.

The new cathedral at Dornakal, in the Nizam of Hyderabad's dominions in Southern India, was recently consecrated by Dr. Foss Westcott, the Metropolitan of India, Burma, and Ceylon. It is believed to be the first Anglican cathedral built in the Indo-Saracenic style. The cathedral cost 74,000 Rs. to build, Indian missionaries, Indian Christians, and the Episcopal Protestant Church of America all contributing. (S. and G.)



A FLYING-BOAT'S "WASHING DAY": STRIPS OF CLOTH HUNG ON AN AIRCRAFT IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER TO SCARE OFF SEA-GULLS.

While flying-boats are moored out in Southampton Water it is customary to hang strips of cloth on lines over the wings to scare off sea-gulls, which have a habit of alighting on the fabric and pecking holes in it. Perhaps the "dope" with which the wings are treated is particularly attractive to them. In any case, the precautions taken resemble a flying-boat's "washing day." (Fox.)



SHOWING THE INLAID GLASS ROOF WHICH WILL ENABLE THEIR MAJESTIES TO BE CLEARLY SEEN BY SPECTATORS: THE NEW DAIMLER STATE CAR.

Our photograph shows the new Daimler State car which will soon be delivered for the use of the King and Queen. A notable feature is the inlaid glass roof, which will lighten the interior so that their Majesties can be more clearly seen on State drives when the weather prevents the hood from being lowered. The roof is exceptionally high to enable the King to wear tall military head-dresses on ceremonial occasions. (Fox.)



CAPABLE OF A SPEED OF OVER 40 KNOTS: A NEW MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT, WITH A STREAMLINED SUPERSTRUCTURE, ON ITS TRIALS AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The British Power Boat Company, of Hythe, recently demonstrated their latest motor torpedo-boat on Southampton Water. The boat is 70 ft. long and can accelerate from ten knots to forty in eight seconds. She can carry two 21-in. torpedoes, or four 18-in., three anti-aircraft guns, and depth-charges and represents an advance on the type already supplied to the Admiralty by the same firm. (Topical.)



THE RESCUE OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES CUT OFF AT KULING, IN THE YANGTZE AREA: THE PARTY PROCEEDING ALONG TRACKS, SOME BORNE IN LITTERS.

A description of this photograph reads: "A trek across difficult country to rescue fifteen American missionaries and some other nationals was recently undertaken by a landing party from an American gun-boat. The beleaguered party, after being brought down the Lushan Mountain to Kiukiang, were taken to Shanghai in Japanese army transports." Kuling, it will be recalled, is a hill resort south-west of Kiukiang, in the Yangtze area. (A.P.)



## NEWS IN PICTURES: A VARIETY OF TOPICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A DELIBERATE CRASH FROM WHICH THE PILOT EMERGED UNHURT!—THE AEROPLANE FLOWN INTO A WOODEN BUILDING AT A DISPLAY AT A FAIR IN MINNESOTA.

We illustrate here what is perhaps the most daring crash ever staged deliberately. A description of the photograph states that at the St. Louis County Fair at Hibbing, Minnesota, an airman deliberately crashed his machine into a wooden building at a speed of 80 m.p.h. The building, substantial enough in appearance, was completely wrecked, but the pilot, Captain Don Vogue, a well-known "stunt man" from Minneapolis, emerged unhurt! (A.P.)



AFTER THE DISASTROUS AIR ACCIDENT AT CROWBOROUGH, WHEN TWO PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: THE REMAINS OF A HOUSE STRUCK BY AN R.A.F. PLANE.

A disastrous air accident occurred at Crowborough, Sussex, on January 17, when an R.A.F. aeroplane crashed into a house and set it on fire. The pilot of the machine and the maid in the house lost their lives. The occupier of the house was rescued in the nick of time by a neighbour. The building itself was absolutely wrecked, as our photograph shows. It was stated that exploding ammunition in the aeroplane intensified the risks run by rescuers. (Keystone.)



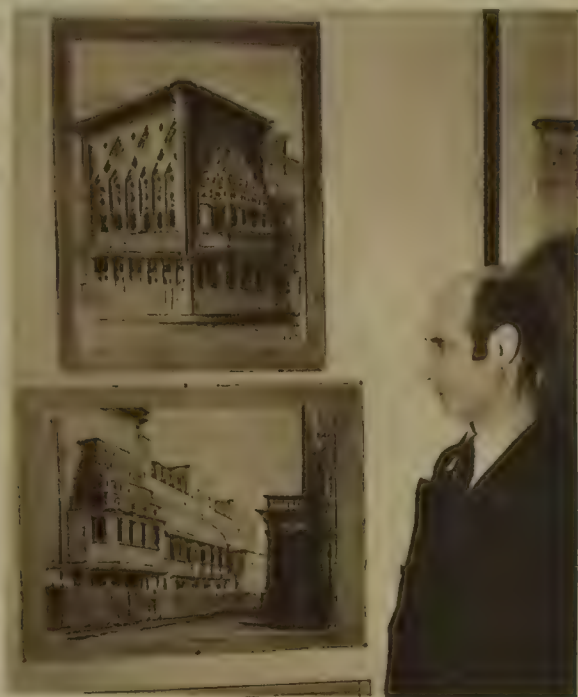
AN EL GRECO OFFERED FOR SALE IN AID OF THE SPANISH RELIEF FUND: A PORTRAIT REPUTED TO BE MASUTIO DE MASUTI.

This painting, described as a portrait of Masutio de Masuti, by El Greco (1543?-1614), has been offered for sale for not less than £1000, in aid of the British Red Cross Society's Spanish Relief Fund. It is life-size, and was shown at the Exhibition of Spanish Old Masters at the Grafton Gallery, 1913-1914. The Society made £512 from its recent "El Greco to Goya" exhibition of Spanish paintings.



THE WORLD'S RAREST MONKEY FOR THE ZOO: THE GOLDEN SNUB-NOSED MONKEY FROM SOUTH-WESTERN CHINA.

The Golden Snub-Nosed Monkey which has just arrived at the Zoological Gardens is claimed to be the rarest monkey in the world. It was brought from the wooded hills of Szechwan, in Western China. The monkey derives its name from its very retrousse nose, the front of which makes an angle of nearly 45 degrees with the vertical. It belongs to the group of leaf-eating monkeys. It is believed to be the first specimen of its genus (*Rhinopithecus*) to be brought alive to any country from China. (G.P.A.)



PRINCE GEORGE LOUKOMSKI, WITH A SKETCH FOR THE NEW FRENCH INSTITUTE IN SOUTH KENSINGTON (ABOVE)—INCLUDED IN HIS BOND STREET EXHIBITION.

Prince George Loukomski is holding an exhibition of his coloured drawings of Italy, Spain and Portugal at the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. The upper drawing seen here is his sketch of the design made by M. Bonnet, Chief Architect of the French Government, for the new French Institute in South Kensington, which, it is said, will be the "finest building ever put up in a mews." (Photopress.)



A CHILDREN'S RECREATION GROUND AT HAMMERSMITH, WHERE ONE OF THE FIRST SYSTEMS OF PERMANENT A.R.P. TRENCHES HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED; SHOWING ROOFED-IN TRENCHES.

In accordance with the short-term policy of air raid precautions designed to meet an urgent occasion, which has been decided upon by the Government, the Hammersmith Borough Council have constructed in a corner of their recreation ground at Great Church Lane an experimental length of trench as a public shelter during air raids. The trench is two feet below the ground, and is seven feet deep. It is made of reinforced concrete, revetted with obsolete tram rails. The children's playground has been preserved, as the picture on the left shows; for the top is covered with ordinary tar paving, and retains its level surface. The trench inside is dry and roomy, as can be seen; and it is intended to be permanent. This is one of the first permanent lengths of trench to be constructed by any local authority. A somewhat similar permanent trench, at Clapham, was illustrated in our issue of November 20. (Central Press.)



IN THE HAMMERSMITH RECREATION GROUND TRENCHES: A DRY, ROOMY REFUGE, WITH SEVEN-FOOT HEAD-ROOM.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: NOTABLE PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**COUNT DE SALIS.**

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Pope Benedict XV., 1916-22, and to Pope Pius XI., 1922-23. Died on January 14; aged seventy-four. Entered Foreign Office in 1887, and served under Lord Cromer in Cairo from 1894 to 1897. In 1906 was promoted Councillor in Berlin, and in 1911 was appointed Minister to Montenegro.

**DR. C. G. DARWIN.**

Recently assumed his duties as Director of the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington. Was appointed in succession to Dr. W. L. Bragg (Professor R. H. Fowler being prevented by health reasons from taking up the post). Had been Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, since 1936, and Tait Professor of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh University, 1923-36.

**DR. A. W. PORTER.**

Emeritus Professor of Physics in the University of London since 1928. Died on January 11; aged seventy-five. Was Recorder of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association, 1906-12, and President of the Faraday Society, 1920-22. He was co-editor of the London, Edinburgh and Dublin "Philosophical Magazine."

**SIR H. KITTERMASER.**

Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Nyasaland Protectorate since 1934. Died on January 14; aged fifty-nine. Became Assistant District Commissioner, East Africa Protectorate, in 1908, and was District Commissioner and Officer-in-Charge, Northern Frontier District, 1915-19. Was Governor, Somaliland Protectorate, 1926-31, and of British Honduras, 1932-34.

**MAJOR-GEN. SIR C. E. CORKRAN.**

A distinguished soldier. Died on January 10; aged sixty-six. Had been Sergeant-at-Arms at the House of Lords since 1936. Served in the South African War and the Great War, and was Commandant at the Royal Military College from 1923 to 1927. Was G.O.C., London District, from 1928 to 1932.



**THE PRIME MINISTER'S DISCUSSION WITH FRENCH MINISTERS WHILE ON HIS WAY TO ROME: M. BONNET, FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, M. DALADIER, FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, AND LORD HALIFAX AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY.**

The Prime Minister and Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, stayed in Paris for nearly three hours while on their way to Rome on January 10. They were met at the Gare du Nord by M. Daladier and M. Bonnet, and drove with them to the Quai d'Orsay. After tea had been served, the British Ministers discussed the general political situation for over an hour in M. Bonnet's private office, and at the conclusion of the talks M. Daladier expressed himself as being "very satisfied." A communiqué stated: "The identity of views of the two Governments was fully confirmed."

**COLONEL RAYNAL.**

Renowned for his gallant defence of Fort Vaux against heavy odds during the Battle of Verdun in 1916. Died on January 13; aged seventy-one. With 150 men held the ruined Fort from June 1 to June 6, until lack of water forced him to surrender. The Germans paid him military honours.

**SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.**

The announcement of Sir Hughe M. Knatchbull-Hugessen's appointment as British Ambassador to Turkey was made on January 12. Sir Hughe was formerly British Ambassador in China, and, it will be recalled, was seriously wounded in the spine when a Japanese aeroplane attacked his car on the road from Nanking to Shanghai in August 1937. The Japanese Government subsequently made a formal expression of regret for this attack. Sir Hughe succeeds Sir Percy Loraine at Ankara.

**M. TILEA.**

Recently appointed to succeed M. Grigorescu as Rumanian Minister in London. Entered the Diplomatic Service in 1919, and was Secretary to the Rumanian Delegation at the Peace Conference. Is a leader of the National Peasant Youth Association and President of the Anglo-Rumanian Society in Bucharest. Is Chairman of several sports clubs.

**MGR. RONALD KNOX.**

Is relinquishing his post as Roman Catholic chaplain to Oxford University, which he has held for thirteen years, to make a new English translation of the Vulgate—the Latin version of the Bible prepared by St. Jerome in the fourth century. He hopes to produce an equivalent to the Revised Version of the Anglican Bible. Is well known as a writer of detective-stories.

**PRINCE VALDEMAR OF DENMARK.**

Prince Valdemar of Denmark, great-uncle of King George VI., died on January 14; aged eighty. He was the youngest son of King Christian IX., a brother of King George I. of Greece, and of Queen Alexandra, the wife of King Edward VII.; while his second sister married the Tsar Alexander III. He himself was offered the Bulgarian throne in 1886, but refused it. He had a long period of service in the Danish Navy. During the war he was President of the Danish Red Cross.



## THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE VATICAN: A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE POPE.



THE PONTIFICAL COURT OFFERING THEIR NEW YEAR WISHES TO POPE PIUS XI.: A PAINTING WHICH REPRESENTS THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF HIS HOLINESS AND INCLUDES MANY OTHER NOTABLE FIGURES.

The visit of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax to the Pope, on January 13, lends additional interest to this oil-painting by Professor Fantuzzi. It represents the most recent portrait of His Holiness and depicts the Pontifical Court surrounding the throne in the act of offering their New Year wishes. Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State, may be seen seated in the right foreground next to Cardinal Granito di Belmonte, who is reading the address. On the Pope's right is Mgr. Arborio Mella di Sant Elia, Master of the Chamber. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax drove from the British Legation to the Vatican where they were cheered on arrival by students of the British seminaries in Rome. Mgr. Godfrey,

who was recently appointed as the first Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, then introduced the rectors of the four seminaries to the Ministers and the party moved on to the ante-room to the Pope's library. Their arrival was announced to the Pope and His Holiness rose and walked forward to greet his visitors as they entered. After half an hour's conversation the remaining members of Mr. Chamberlain's party were ushered in and the Prime Minister introduced them to the Pope, who made a short address. At the end of the interview His Holiness presented Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax with gold medals commemorating the canonisation of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher.

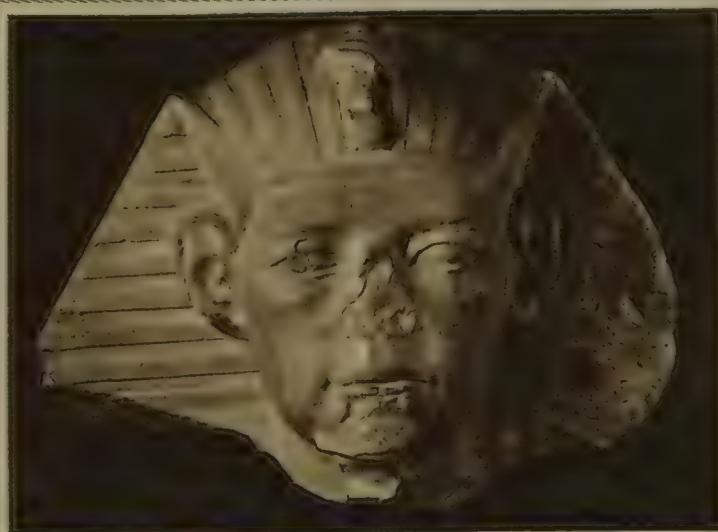


# IMPORTANT RELICS OF 3800 YEARS AGO: AMENEMHET III. IN THE FAYUM.

BY COURTESY OF ACHILLE VOGLIANO, PROFESSOR OF GREEK LITERATURE AND FIELD DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF MILAN'S ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.



DISCOVERED AT MEDINET MADI IN THE FAYUM, WHERE "THE XIITH DYNASTY HAS AT LAST REVEALED ONE OF ITS MOST MAGNIFICENT MONUMENTS": THE MASSIVE BUILDING KNOWN AS "THE KIOSK," SEEN FROM THE SACRED ROAD.



THE HEAD OF A STATUE OF THE GREAT PHARAOH, AMENEMHET III. (c. 1959-1910 B.C.), FOUND DURING THE SECOND CAMPAIGN AT MEDINET MADI: A WORK NOW IN THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM AT CAIRO.



THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE REPOSITORY OF THE RECORDS OF THE HIGH PRIEST OF MEDINET MADI WERE FOUND: THE ROOM FOR STORAGE OF OSTRAKA INSCRIBED IN GREEK AND DEMOTIC.



SHOWING A POT CONTAINING INSCRIBED OSTRAKA: A CORNER OF THE SAME STORAGE CHAMBER FOR RECORDS.



CONTAINING (AT THE FAR END) THE SACRED RELIEF SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RIGHT: A LITTLE CHAPEL ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM TEMPLE AT MEDINET MADI.



DETAIL OF THE SCULPTURE IN THE SMALL SHRINE SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: THE SMILING FIGURE OF ERMOUTHIS-ISIS, GODDESS OF THE HARVEST.

In the westernmost part of the Fayum Province of Middle Egypt, in the midst of the desert towards the Libyan frontier, an old city is coming to life again. Its origins are closely bound up with the creation of a sanctuary, dedicated more than 3800 years ago by a great Pharaoh, Amenemhet III., to Renenutet, Goddess of the Harvest, who was later associated with Isis, the Universal Goddess of the Egyptian pantheon. For 3000 years this city (now known as Medinet Madi) had a flourishing and prosperous life. The Pharaohs were followed, after a short interval of Persian rule, by the Ptolemies, and the Greek-Macedonians were succeeded by the all-conquering Romans. During the last four years an archaeological mission of the Royal University of Milan has been excavating this site. The

Pharaonic sanctuary of the Goddess of the Harvest, together with the sumptuous buildings which the Ptolemies added to glorify the ancient temple of the XIIth dynasty, have been unearthed. A great portico of Roman times, erected possibly in honour of Hadrian, crowns the whole group of monuments situate in the north. Southward there stretches a great monumental road, with lions and sphinxes on both sides—the sphinxes represent the dynasty of the Ptolemaic kings, beginning with the Ptolemy who planned and constructed the whole complex of monuments added to the ancient Pharaonic nucleus. The sphinxes are partly of Egyptian and partly of Greek inspiration: the rigid Pharaonic composure alternates with that sensuous vibration of form which characterises the Greek ideal. One would like

[Continued on opposite page.]



## A GREAT SANCTUARY ADORNED BY PHARAOHS, PTOLEMIES AND CÆSARS : FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT MEDINET MADI.

*Continued.*

to be able to identify some of these stone figures—to see in one, for instance, the likeness of Cleopatra III., "the terrible queen"; but the iconographic problem is not easily solved. The basal inscriptions, in demotic characters, glorify the Goddess of the Harvest and the Crocodile-God who was the patron of the ancient province. The names of the kings are nowhere recorded. To the south of the main buildings stands a monumental "kiosk," and south of that the road continues, nobody knows how far. As the work goes on, fine specimens of sculpture and architecture are continually being brought to light. The XIIth dynasty has at last revealed one of its most magnificent

*[Continued below.]*



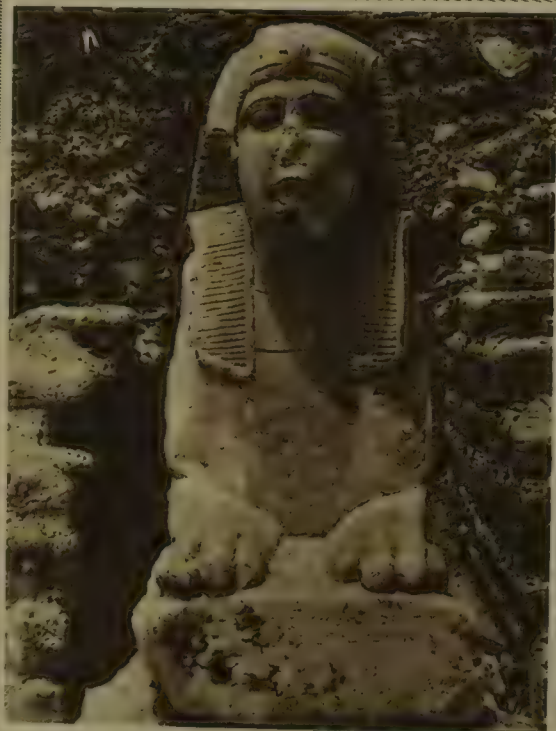
THE SACRED WAY AT MEDINET MADI SEEN FROM THE "KIOSK" (ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): A VIEW SHOWING, ON BOTH SIDES, RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS WITH FIGURES OF SPHINXES AND (IN BACKGROUND) THE MIDDLE KINGDOM TEMPLE WITH PTOLEMAIC COURTS.



ERECTED IN THE TWELFTH YEAR OF THE ROMAN EMPEROR AUGUSTUS: A STONE STRUCTURE ON THE SACRED WAY AT MEDINET MADI, PROBABLY A PLATFORM FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS, AND BEARING AN INSCRIPTION.



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SPHINXES, REPRESENTING THE DYNASTY OF PTOLEMAIC KINGS, FLANKING THE SACRED WAY: AN EXAMPLE OF THE GRAVE EGYPTIAN TYPE (THE HEAD OF WHICH APPEARS IN THE CENTRE BELOW).



BELIEVED TO PORTRAY THE PTOLEMY WHO ENLARGED THE MIDDLE KINGDOM TEMPLE AT MEDINET MADI: THE FIRST OF THE SPHINXES REPRESENTING THE PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY.



"RIGID PHARAONIC COMPOSURE" CONTRASTING WITH THE MORE VIVACIOUS GREEK TYPE (ADJOINING, RIGHT): THE HEAD OF THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX ILLUSTRATED ABOVE.



"THAT SENSUOUS VIBRATION OF FORM WHICH CHARACTERISES THE GREEK IDEAL": ONE OF THE SPHINXES OF HELLENIC TYPE THAT CONTRAST WITH PHARAONIC GRAVITY.

monuments, and the evidence of the hieroglyphic inscriptions in the temple, which attest the munificence of the great king, is illustrated as the works of building and decoration which he undertook are disinterred. This archaeological enterprise, which was originally organised in Milan, has gradually assumed the proportions of a national undertaking. The Italian Government itself and private people, as well as the Egyptian Government, are contributing to ensure its continuance and success. The Italians are working hard in Medinet Madi, with the result that on the site where, four years ago, a high mantle of sand covered the ruins of the ancient city, to-day the monuments shine in the sun again and recall the power and grandeur of a past thousands of years old. We may even detect the shadow of

Augustus in three monuments erected to his glory. A chapel raised to the Goddess of the Harvest in honour of Augustus has been discovered. The construction is of pure Ptolemaic style. But the chief discovery of the last excavation season is the finding of a repository of records in the ancient "sacred area" near the vestibule of the temple. Here stood formerly the office of a great priest—perhaps the High Priest of the sanctuary. The central part of the edifice consists of a rectangular building, its walls covered with paintings, and in one of its lateral rooms a repository of records of the Antonine epoch had remained hidden. About 1600 ostraka (some written in Greek, others in demotic) were discovered there, perhaps notes on the various ceremonies of the High Priest's offices.



## A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR THE MURAL PAINTER: HOW ARTISTS HAVE SOLVED DECORATION PROBLEMS AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.



ONE OF THE SERIES OF AMBITIOUS MURAL PAINTINGS ON A GRAND SCALE WHICH WILL PUT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR IN THE FOREFRONT OF CONTEMPORARY ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT: "TRIUMPHANT POSEIDON," BY D. MORTELLITO (143 by 35 FT.).



A MURAL AT A "SUBWAY" STATION, PASSED BY VISITORS ARRIVING AT AND LEAVING THE EXHIBITION: A SERIAL PAINTING BY LOUIS FERSTADT, OF "MAN AT THE FAIR" ENDING WITH A RIVETTER GOING BACK TO WORK (16 FT. HIGH).



"THE MEANS OF COMMUNICATION" DEPICTED IN A MURAL BY EUGENE SAVAGE UPON THE COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING, FROM AN INDIAN SMOKE-SIGNALLING TO BROADCASTING; WITH FOUR MUSES, PEGASUS, ATLAS, AND TRUTH (110 by 50 FT.).

*Continued.*

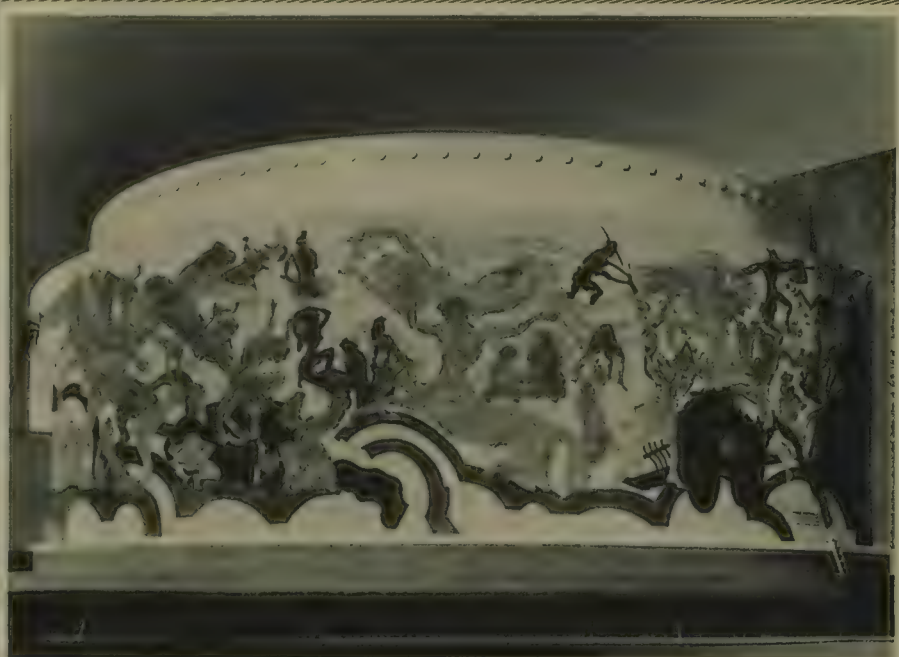
what they were—temporary exhibition structures. No imitations either of historic architecture or of permanent materials were permitted (with the exception of the section devoted to individual States). The exhibition buildings have furnished artists with magnificent opportunities for murals, of which we reproduce a selection on this and the following page. Some details about the artists and their aims will be of interest. The mural of "Triumphant Poseidon," by Domenico Mortellito, is executed in rubber-base paint (a technique in which the artist was a pioneer), using cadmium red and tones of grey on a white background. Domenico Mortellito was born at Newark, N.J., in 1906. He has executed murals on a number of public buildings in the U.S.A., including work at Yale University and the Morgan Library. The mural by Eugene Savage on the façade of the Communications Building is done in rich greens and brilliant reds. At the right a radio wave-band turns into three muses hurling themselves at the Earth, held by Atlas, who looks into a mirror held by Truth. This mural is also executed in rubber-base paint. The mural by Pierre Bourdelle on Food Building No. 2, illustrated here, is thus described by the artist: "The centre group, a Centaur carrying a Bacchante, is the old animist symbol of the earth bearing fruits and crowned with fronds. Towards the pylon, oxen rest between efforts. On the opposite side the human figure,



ON THE HALL OF PHARMACY: A MURAL BY MICHAEL LOEW DEPICTING THE SUN GENERATING THE RICHES OF THE EARTH (LEFT AND RIGHT), AND THE FAMILY FACED BY THE FORCES OF NATURE (CENTRE) (92 by 29 FT.).

THE policy pursued by the Board of Design of the New York World's Fair may well be the cause of the Fair's exercising a very real influence on the development of art, in a way that few great exhibitions can claim to have done in the past. The Board of Design has deliberately avoided imposing its æsthetic views on the architects, painters and sculptors commissioned by the Fair Corporation. In choosing artists for recommendation, it has tried to give the broadest representation possible to all schools of expression within the means at its disposal. The Board worked under the conviction that the buildings must be made to look

*(Continued below on left.)*



THE MURAL FRIEZE BY PIERRE BOURDELLE ON THE DRUM OF FOOD BUILDING NO. 2: A COMPOSITION WHICH CENTRES ROUND A CENTAUR CARRYING A BACCHANTE, AND DEPICTS THE ORIGIN OF FOODS AND BEVERAGES (137 by 38 FT.).



"THE PRODUCTION, CONSUMPTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD": ANOTHER MURAL ON FOOD BUILDING NO. 2, WITH FOOD PRODUCTION (LEFT), AND A FAMILY PICNIC, SYMBOLISING CONSUMPTION (RIGHT); BY CARLO CIAMPAGLIA (76 by 26 FT.).

hunger satisfied and thirst quenched, flies away on the winged steed of poetry. Interpolated among the groups, a team of men behind the Centaur loads up the gifts of the soil; and in front of the Centaur another team dances on the wine vat. Little figures in the background synchronise the pictures with outlandish productions of beverages; Pulque, extracted from a cactus; Rum . . . ; Hop, for the Teutonic cervoise; Polynesian Kawa . . . ; Sake . . . The artist, Pierre Bourdelle, studied in Rodin's studio, and travelled with Rodin studying Gothic cathedrals.



# MURAL PAINTINGS AT NEW YORK: HOW ARTISTS HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



ON THE SPORTS BUILDING AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR: A MURAL BY DOMENICO MORTEL-LITO DEPICTING FISHING (18 by 38 FT.).



"A REAPER AT WORK": A SGRAFFITO AND FRESCO WORK BY PIERRE BOURDELLE ON FOOD BUILDING NO. 2 (22 by 27 FT.).



"PRINTING": A MURAL PANEL BY JAMES OWEN MAHONEY ON THE COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING, EXECUTED IN RUBBER-BASE PAINT (17 by 25 FT.).



"PRODUCTION OVER MANHATTAN": THE MURAL BY FRANCIS SCOTT BRADFORD ON THE CONSUMERS BUILDING, WHEREON THE DECORATIONS ALL ILLUSTRATE ELECTRICAL THEMES (30 by 25 FT.).



ONE OF THE SERIES OF MURALS IN FOOD BUILDING NO. 3, DEPICTING GROUPS OF FOODS, EACH ACCOMPANIED BY A REPRESENTATION OF THEIR CHEMICAL CONTENTS AND VITAMINS; BY WITOLD GORDON.



DEPICTING AN ELECTRICIAN GAZING DEFIANTLY AT LIGHTNING: ANOTHER MURAL BY F. S. BRADFORD IN THE CONSUMERS BUILDING (50 by 30 FT.).



FIGURES SYMBOLISING THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD: ANOTHER MURAL BY C. CIAMPAGLIA ON FOOD BUILDING NO. 2 (24 by 32 FT.).



A MURAL DEPICTING ALL THE MEANS OF DISTRIBUTION BY SEA, LAND AND AIR, BY MARTHA AXLEY: IN THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING (28 by 31 FT.).

Our illustrations on this page show how artists have taken full advantage of the opportunities afforded them for grandiose mural decorations by the World's Fair, New York. Francis S. Bradford, represented on this page by two of his decorations for the Consumers Building, was born in the Northern State of Wisconsin in 1898. He studied at Chicago and New York, and spent four years in Europe. In one of his murals, a large green figure of an electrician is seen gazing defiantly at lightning in the sky, while he holds in his hands large cables from a generator. About his feet are evidences of the mighty industries that have arisen through

man's control of electricity. Carlo Ciampaglia, two of whose murals on Food Building No. 2 are reproduced on this and the opposite page, was born in Italy in 1891. He studied, however, in New York. He has executed a large number of murals in the United States, both in public and private buildings. The work seen on this page symbolises the distribution of food. The standing figure pours from a large cornucopia fruits and vegetables into a tray that is being held by a kneeling figure who eagerly reaches for her share of the earth's products. Smaller figures are on their way to receive (left), or going away with their gatherings (right).



# THE FIRST NEWS PHOTOGRAPH: THE CAMERA RIVALS THE ARTIST.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEWS EVENT TO BE TAKEN: A "DAGUERREOTYPE," BY F. STELZNER, OF THE RUINS OF THE ALSTER QUARTER OF HAMBURG, SEEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE NEW EXCHANGE, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE IN 1842.



ENGRAVED ON WOODEN BLOCKS FROM DRAWINGS SUPPLIED BY A CORRESPONDENT IN HAMBURG, AND PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 25, 1842: (LEFT) THE OLD AND NEW EXCHANGE, WITH THE TOWN-HOUSE ADJOINING; (RIGHT) RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, ST. PETER'S CHURCH, AND ST. GERTRUDEN KIRCHE.



IN connection with the celebration of the centenary of photography this month, we reproduce on the opposite page photographs which are among the earliest taken of scenes of warfare. Here we show the first photograph of a news event which gains in interest from the fact that its subject was also illustrated by means of a woodcut in the first number of "The Illustrated London News"—on May 14, 1842. This paper—publishing drawings reproduced by means of woodcuts—was the first illustrated newspaper, and, as such, prepared the way for the extensive use of those photographs of persons and events which are now such a feature of the Press throughout the world. Although the Daguerreotype process was in use before 1842, this "daguerreotype" (now in the Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe, at Hamburg) by F. Stelzner was the first to be taken of a topical event. The fire at Hamburg broke out on May 4, 1842, and raged for three days. No drawings had come to hand, therefore the Editor of "The Illustrated London News" procured a

(Continued opposite.



A WOODCUT REPRODUCED IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," MAY 14, 1842: THE HAMBURG FIRE—SUBJECT OF THE FIRST NEWS-EVENT PHOTOGRAPH.

print of the city from the British Museum, set an artist to add smoke, flames and boat-loads of refugees to it, and triumphantly published an engraving in our first number! Later a correspondent sent some drawings, and two of these were reproduced in our issue of June 25. The practical application of photography to wood-engraving did not occur until 1861, when "The Illustrated London News" published a picture of the West Screen of Exeter Cathedral—using photography for the first time as the basis for engraving an image on a wood-block. In 1882 the half-tone process was introduced into England and, being the more direct method, superseded the woodcut to a very great extent. Gradually the news-photograph began to displace the artist when world events were to be illustrated, and in later years photographic news agencies, with services covering every quarter of the globe, have developed rapidly. Photographs—still supplemented on occasion by artists' drawings—are now printed at our offices by the rotary photogravure process.



## VISUAL HISTORY: WAR PHOTOGRAPHS OF NEARLY EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF BOEDECKER, BERLIN.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR (1861-65), SOME TWENTY YEARS AFTER DAGUERRE AND W. H. FOX TALBOT HAD MADE KNOWN THEIR DISCOVERIES RELATING TO PHOTOGRAPHY: THE DEFENCES AT FORT HILL; SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF FORTIFICATION WITH TRENCHES AND SAPS.



THE CAMERA RECORDS SCENES IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: A CONFEDERATE MUNITION DUMP AT CITY POINT, NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

IN January 1839 Louis Daguerre and W. H. Fox Talbot made known their independent discoveries of photography, and the centenary is being celebrated this month, both here and in France. In our issue of January 14 we reproduced some of W. H. Fox Talbot's photographs (Photogenic drawings) of 1839 and the 'forties, with a "daguerreotype," and explained the difference in the methods employed by the two men. A centenary exhibition will be opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum on January 25, and the exhibits will include photographs taken during the Crimean War, after the Indian Mutiny, and the Paris Commune. Here we give photographs taken during the American Civil War and the Prusso-Danish War of 1864, which show that, barely twenty years after its discovery, photography was already so advanced that it has preserved for us the actuality of historical incidents of nearly eighty years ago!

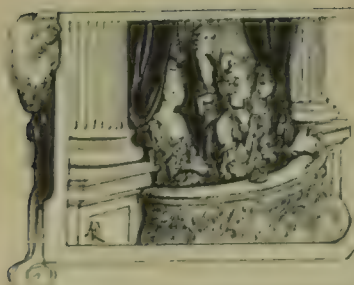


ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS THE SUBJECT OF AN EARLY WAR PHOTOGRAPH: A REMARKABLE PICTURE TAKEN IN 1862, DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, SHOWING THE PRESIDENT DISCUSSING THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN WITH HIS STAFF.



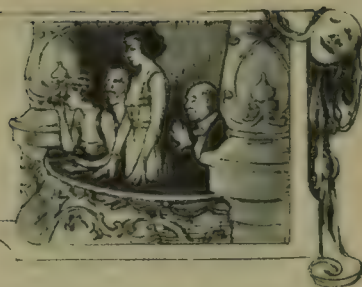
A PHOTOGRAPH OF HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE: THE EARTHWORKS AT DÜPPEL (DYBBØL), AFTER THEY HAD BEEN STORMED BY PRUSSIAN TROOPS ON APRIL 18, 1864, DURING THE PRUSSO-DANISH WAR—A DECISIVE ACTION WHICH FINALLY FORCED DENMARK TO CEDE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN TO AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.





# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



## A NEW YEAR PRESCRIPTION.

WE have turned our backs on 1938; we have closed our accounts; we have made our good resolutions, to be kept or to be discarded—alas, how often to be discarded!—according to individual will-power or expediency, and now, remembering our Coleridge, we look forward, saying, "And the Spring comes slowly up this way." That is, if we do not misquote our more familiar Shelley by saying, "Since Winter has come, Spring cannot be far behind"! In any case, we succumb to the stimulus of the young year, trying to discover a new or an improved design for living and for working. Prescriptions for this, that, and the other are in the air. How, during the next twelve months, to remedy the ills of the last is a question that preoccupies the layman and the expert in every sphere, nowhere more so than in the film industry. Glancing through the New Year edition of that excellent trade paper, the *Daily Film Renter*, I find a confluence of opinions from authorities who draw on their separate experience to find a solution for the troubles of our studios. Their prescriptions and the advice they offer cover a wide field, embracing film-makers, exhibitors, renters, and the campaigners of publicity. However, it is with the first that we are concerned, and here, in several instances, a point of agreement is reached. It appears that what the kinema needs to strengthen its sinews, apart from closer co-operation amongst the several branches of the trade, new stars, and what not, is a careful selection of good stories, comedy for preference, but above all, strong stories, that will give the public something to think about. The story I gather from one expert, should not be built around a star, but should be the first consideration, for which the suitable stars should then be found. The story, I read further, should be simple, for we, the public, have enough to bother us without unravelling riddles in the kinema. It should also be "something different" and "something new." This formula comes from Mr. Erich Pommer, who, with

of naïveté, and all its fundamental moves are easily foreseen. It is pleasantly embroidered with comedy situations, and has borrowed a kind of candid charm from the acting of its two stars, more especially from the invincible integrity of Mr. Cooper. But it is built up on an illogical supposition, and, since it is neither crazy comedy, nor fantasy, nor



"STOLEN LIFE," AT THE PLAZA: ELISABETH BERGNER AS MARTINA AND MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS ALAN IN A FILM ADAPTED BY MARGARET KENNEDY FROM THE NOVEL BY K. BENES; AND DIRECTED BY PAUL CZINNER.

The gala premiere of "Stolen Life," at the Plaza, was organised by Paramount in conjunction with Orion Productions, in aid of the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees and the Women's Appeal Committee for German and Austrian Women and Children. The theme, which is an unusual one, provides Elisabeth Bergner with a dual rôle.

musical comedy, the lack of a firm foundation weakens the whole edifice.

## "THE MIKADO."

Though colour receives less attention than might have been expected in the prescriptions for progress set down by the experts whom I have quoted, its development is nevertheless marked. It lends its splendour to the natural settings of a vigorous open-air drama, "Valley of the Giants" (Warner Theatre) that, without Technicolor, would have been just another hard-hitting tale of the lumberjacks, and it has fashioned an exquisite frame for

the first film version of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Mikado" (which was illustrated in our last issue), presented at the Leicester Square Theatre. This courageous and beautiful production will no doubt bring a few heavy guns into action and may even arouse the ire of those Gilbert and Sullivan devotees who cannot brook the alteration of a gesture or an intonation, nor the slightest departure from tradition handed down to us from the early days of the famous Victorian collaborators. Diehards may charge Mr. Geoffrey Toye, adaptor, conductor and producer of "The Mikado," and Mr. Victor Schertzinger, its director, with heinous sins of omission and transposition, may find further fuel for their rage in the choice of an American Nanki-Poo, and wax petulant about the prologue, but they will not, I think, qualify their praise of settings that, despite their lavishness, seem to have borrowed their colour and their translucency from the eggshell china of the East. "Flowers that bloom in the Spring" throw the fragile tracery of shadows on pale walls, and the three little maids from school have as pretty a taste in kimonos as one could wish to see. One dainty cameo after the other enchants the eye, heightening with clear colour and delicate design the fairy-tale quality of the production.

The action, starting with the flight of Nanki-Poo from the Mikado's court and the blandishments of his official and formidable "bride-elect," takes the fugitive to Titipu for a first meeting with Yum-Yum, who has graciously transferred a verse of her song "The Moon and I" (which she later sings most admirably) to her impulsive wooer. The prologue is well in keeping with the story that has been moulded into a continuous narrative, without detriment to the spirit, the music, or the text of the opera. Mr. Toye's intimate knowledge of his subject has permitted him to take a few liberties with the utmost respect, nor has he sought to modernise the Gilbertian humour, which retains its precision in the added freedom of movement vouchsafed by the kinema. He has, on the other hand, used imaginative invention to create a shifting and rhythmic



"I AM THE LAW," AT THE REGAL, MARBLE ARCH: EDWARD G. ROBINSON (CENTRE, LEFT) AS JOHN LINDSAY, A SPECIAL PROSECUTOR DISCHARGED FROM OFFICE FOR FAILING TO APPREHEND RACKETEERS.

In "I am the Law," at the Regal, Lindsay (Edward G. Robinson), a professor of law, becomes special prosecutor to rid his city of racketeers. Failing, after six months he is discharged. However, he persists, and unmasks a civic leader, one Eugene Ferguson (Otto Kruger), who is seen here on Lindsay's left.

Mr. Charles Laughton as his bright particular star, gave us "Vessel of Wrath," "St. Martin's Lane," and is now at work on "Jamaica Inn." Mr. Irving Asher indicates the front-page news as a fruitful source for the films of action which he advocates, and favours the topical story as the basis for scenarios, such as are being used for "Q Planes" (with Mr. Ralph Richardson) and "The Spy in Black" (with Mr. Conrad Veidt). Neither spectacle, nor even the development of colour, is held out as a possible lure for the recalcitrant filmgoer, but the story emerges as the best bait wherewith to catch the public. Now this is no new discovery, though it is a principle with which no one will quarrel. Let us by all means have good, strong, simple stories and something new, if there is "anything new under the sun," or, at least, let them acquire a difference in the telling. Looking back on the great successes of the past, one is aware that they have rarely, if ever, lacked excellent story material or relied solely on brilliant direction and interpretation, important as are both these factors. It cannot be sufficiently repeated that a fine stellar performance does not win lasting success for a poor story, though a good story has often made a star. To the qualifying adjective of simple I would, however, append that of logical, for it is precisely in the arbitrary working out of a piece of fiction that so many films have found their heel of Achilles. Take, for instance, "The Cowboy and the Lady," at the Gaumont, Haymarket, in which Mr. Gary Cooper and Miss Merle Oberon present the old problem of the rich girl and the poor man who marries her, ignorant of her wealth and station. The tale is simple to the verge



"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES," AT THE WARNER THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE: JAMES CAGNEY AS ROCKY, A NOTORIOUS GANGSTER, IS ASKED BY JERRY (PAT O'BRIEN), A PRIEST, TO BEHAVE LIKE A COWARD AT HIS EXECUTION, TO DESTROY THE LEGEND OF HIS GANGSTER BRAVERY.

"Angels with Dirty Faces," at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, is the story of Rocky, a gangster whose daring exploits have made him a hero to thousands of slum hooligans. Condemned to death, he is implored to show cowardice when he goes to the electric chair, so that the legend of his bravery may be exploded, and thousands of gangster-worshipping lads deterred from lives of crime.



"QUAI DES BRUMES," AT THE ACADEMY: JEAN (JEAN GABIN), A DESERTER FROM THE ARMY, FALLS IN LOVE WITH NELLY (MICHELE MORGAN), WHO HAS RUN AWAY FROM HER GUARDIAN.

"Quai des Brumes," at the Academy, is hailed in France as the "film of the year." Jean, the deserter, becomes involved in an unhappy intrigue, and after killing Nelly's guardian in an effort to save her from an evil environment, meets with disaster himself.

pattern, and to break up the more static grouping of the stage. The director's handling of the chorus, for instance, is purely kinematic, and results in a fluency that is only interrupted by a rather too frequent fading-out of individual scenes. But the gain in liveliness is undeniable, and the chorus, drawn from the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, respond in no uncertain fashion to the demands of their new medium.

The famous melodies are beautifully rendered and recorded, each one a pearl strung on a glittering thread. Mr. Kenny Baker, the American film- and radio-star, is a pleasantly boyish Nanki-Poo, albeit his accent cuts through the perfect diction of his English colleagues with a disconcerting effect, and might, with advantage, have been chastened. But there is compensation in his singing, and his "Wandering Minstrel" ballad is one of the hits of the production. Mr. Sidney Granville's monumental Pooh-Bah is outstanding—a portrayal conceived in the grand manner and carried out with immense gusto. Mr. Martyn Green's surprisingly youthful Koko is perhaps less firm and less even in its composition, though his fine interpretation of the "Tit-Willow" song, with its touch of unconscious pathos, remains a haunting memory. Mr. John Barclay's suave and incisive Mikado, Miss Constance Willis's redoubtable Katisha, and the charming Yum-Yum of Miss Jean Colin, with Miss Elizabeth Paynter and Miss Kathleen Naylor to support her melodiously and decoratively, combine with the rest of a first-rate company to bring to the screen the glories of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera which, like an old jewel reset, has acquired a fresh sparkle and a new vitality.



# This England . . .



*Tintagel—Cornwall*

A Cornish tale has it that King Arthur's spirit still haunts the ruins in the sailing body of a chough. For this is the most ghostly castle in our land, more steeped in ancient legend than Stonehenge—and there is nothing of it! Some crumbled masonry above the hungry waves, rabbits upon the close-cropped turf that carpets now the roofless halls. Yet shall you not be disappointed lingering here, whence comes the rich tapestry of our knightly past, woven of stirring deeds and dark fierce loves, of wonder and sorrow and wild strangeness. Something is given you, you know not what; tradition has brushed you with a phantom wing, leaving you more captive still of the old ways of England, of truth and honesty in men, of the good old things the English love . . . such as your Worthington, begotten of the very soil and still made in the ancient, honest way.







MOST of us look upon the 1830's as a singularly unlovely decade, redeemed from mediocrity by the adventures of Mr. Pickwick, saddened by the death of John Constable in 1837, but otherwise as hungry, in a wider meaning of the term, as "The Hungry 'Forties"; not even the great Reform Bill, important though it was, can arouse our enthusiasm to-day. Yet if many people were unhappy, vast numbers were not, but were fully convinced that England was about to be reborn; there's a grand, vital energy in much of the thought of the time, which some of the faint-hearts of the 1930's might imitate with profit to themselves and to those who have to listen to them. The occasion of these remarks is an interesting little exhibition of early coaching and railway prints at the Frank T. Sabin Gallery, which illustrate to perfection the change-over from one form of transport to the other, and, to the discerning eye, offer remarkably apt parallels to the controversy between road and rail to-day. Here I quote and illustrate from the large folio volume "The London and Birmingham Railway." Its rotund and robust sentences have a faintly priggish flavour to our modern, flippant palates, but I'm

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE RAILWAY AGE BEGINS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of locomotion, with a new motive for classical study; they are enabling you to enjoy the intoxicating draught which is described with such noble enthusiasm by Gibbon, etc., etc."

Yes, you say, the usual picturesque hyperbole of the accomplished politician—things did not work out quite in that way. None the less, these two quotations do provide something by which we can measure the excitement and exhilaration which drove on the pioneers of the early railways, and the twenty-eight lithographs (the original drawings are still in the possession of the L.M.S., I am informed)—not

the Kennet and Avon Canal, the charge was £2 10s.; if by road, £7 10s. Where time was unimportant the canal traffic held its own, and does to this day, and now the railways, for a century without competitors for the rapid movement of goods and services, have once more to fight road haulage: it is one of the oddest reversals of fortune, which the ghost of Tony Weller must be greeting with apoplectic guffaws. Were I one of the ingenious gentlemen who set weekend problems in earnest weeklies, I would suggest a competition for the best comment from the lips of so notable a driver of a coach as Mr. Weller, Senior, on the current railway demand for "A Square Deal." Here is another parallel between the 1930's and the 1830's. Then railway competition compelled the canals to lower their charges; now road competition has reduced freight rates on certain classes of goods carried by the railways (those most easily moved by road), but has kept up the rates on heavy goods, such as coal, which cannot be moved in any quantity for long distances by road.

These considerations have little to do with art! Well, nor have these prints—they are not to be classed among the great things of the world. But if they have so slight a contact with art, they have a near one with life, and it is as pictorial commentaries upon interesting events that they must be judged. Of the fifty-five coaching prints in the exhibition, I have space for comment on two only. The first is "The Mail Coach," by H. T. Alken, engraved by



"ENTRANCE PORTICO—EUSTON GROVE STATION," 1838.

Included in the exhibition of early coaching and railway prints at the Sabin Gallery is a book, "Drawings of the London and Birmingham Railway by John C. Bourne," which illustrates the railway in full; commencing at the London, and terminating at the Birmingham, station. Euston Station is the oldest railway terminus in London and was built in 1837. The portico was designed by Hardwick.

great works of art, but highly competent and pleasant topographical views—show both the types of engines and bridges, and also the actual work of construction.

These coaching and railway prints make a first-class exhibition: the story of this momentous decade in the history of transport would have been complete had it been possible to include a few prints of canal



"CAMDEN TOWN DEPOT. ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE HOUSE," MAY 1839.

The Camden Town Depot was originally intended to be the London terminus of the London and Birmingham Railway. The trains from Euston Station were pushed forward by porters to a bridge under Wriothsey Street and there attached to a large, endless rope, which drew them up the ascent to the depot where the engine was coupled on for the journey to Birmingham.

not so sure the fault is not ours—the new invention *was* a great thing, and it *did* revolutionise the world. "Amongst all the changes of the civilised and commercial world, there has never been one so eventful and prodigious as that effected by the agency of the Steam Engine. This superhuman power has superseded many long-established practices and confirmed customs. . . . Like other great novelties and innovations, it has had to encounter much prejudice and enmity, much opposition and vexatious hostility. . . . All the bearings and relations of trade, manufacture, commerce, science and the arts; all the conditions of political and social life, will certainly be greatly changed, and it is presumed benefited, by the manifold operations of the Railway."

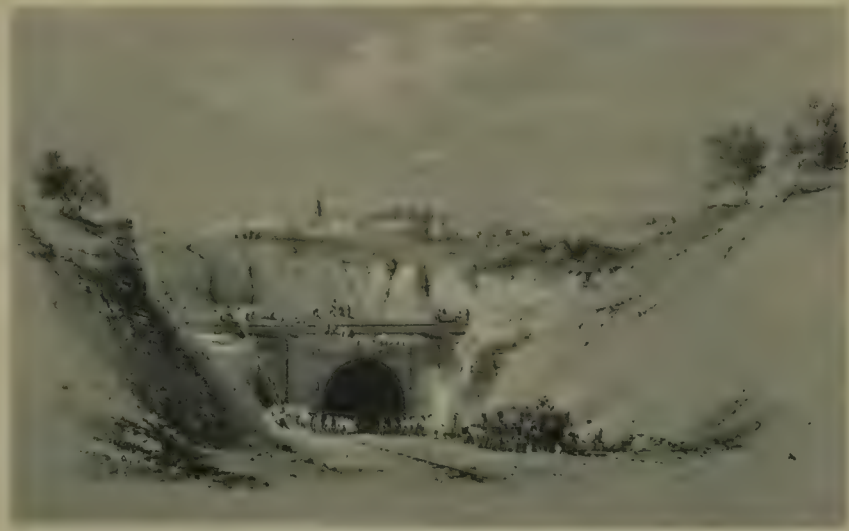
Sir Robert Peel was more categorical and more eloquent. "The Steam Engine and the Railway are not merely facilitating the transport of merchandise; they are not merely shortening the duration of journeys; or administering to the supply of physical wants; they are creating new demands for knowledge; they are fertilising the intellectual as well as the physical waste; they are removing the impediments which obscurity, or remoteness, or poverty may have heretofore opposed to the emerging of real merit. They are supplying you in the mere facility



"VIEW OF THE BOXMOOR EMBANKMENT, WHEN IN PROGRESS: SHOWING THE METHOD OF FORMING IT, FROM A SIDE CUTTING, WITH HORSE-RUNS," JUNE 1837.

The method of raising ballast by horse-runs is shown above. The horse moved along the top of the embankment drawing a rope, attached to a wheelbarrow, round two pulleys. The barrow was thus hauled up the sloping board, together with the labourer who held and guided it.

scenes, for coach and wagon and barge were essential factors in the internal economy of the country before the coming of the railways. Road transport cost roughly about three times as much as canal transport; if you sent a ton of goods from London to Bath by



"SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE WATFORD TUNNEL, WITH DEEP CUTTING," JUNE 6, 1837—A DRAWING MADE BEFORE THE WORK WAS COMPLETED.

As the second longest tunnel on the London and Birmingham Railway, the Watford Tunnel cost £140,000 to construct and extended a distance of over a mile.

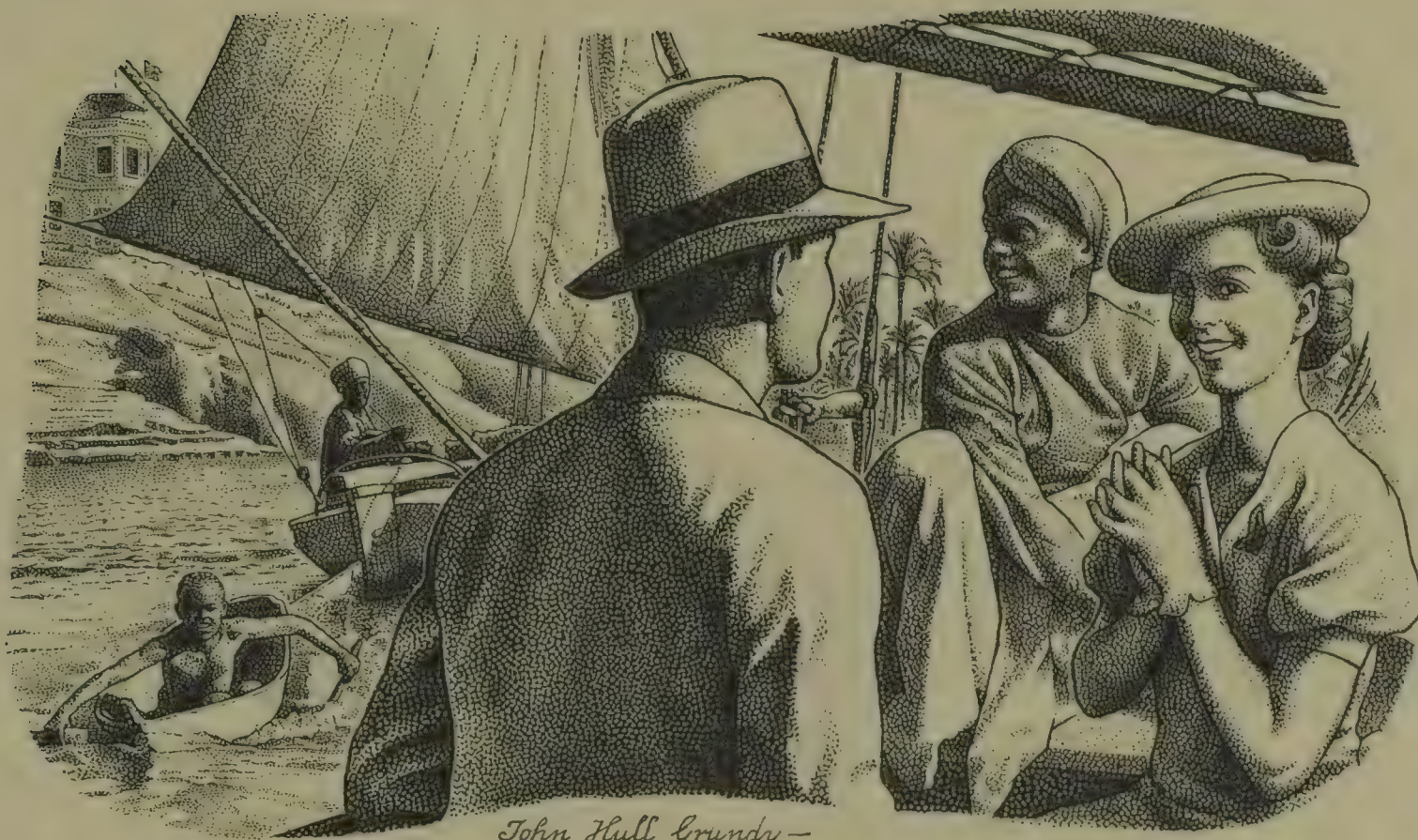
George Hunt, 1823, of which a contemporary advertisement can be allowed to speak for itself. "It faithfully represents all the modern improvements in the vehicle; the most scrupulous attention having been paid to every minutiae; it is seen travelling on the road with its usual velocity, the costume of the coachman, guard, passengers, etc., adding much to the pleasing effect produced, and is a most desirable embellishment to an apartment or portfolio."

The other is an aquatint of "The Age," the Brighton Coach at The Bull and Mantle, Regent Circus, Piccadilly (engraved by G. and C. Hunt after E. F. Lambert), 1829, and of particular interest because this coach was owned, horsed and driven by young Harry Stevenson, ex-Eton and Cambridge, who dressed the guard, George Carrington, in his private livery, furnished the coach in fine style, and drove professionally. Time scheduled for the journey—five hours. Stevenson died at the age of twenty-six, and the coach was then taken over by Sir St. Vincent Cotton, and ran for many years.

Here is one other—can it be an omen for 1939?—a coach travelling at speed over Rochester Bridge, flying two banners, one inscribed "Peace." The date is 1815. The plate was re-issued in 1819 and used again in 1831 for Reform Bill propaganda.



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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

**M**OTORISTS who enter for the famous annual Monte Carlo Rally (Jan. 17 to 25) usually calculate beforehand the distances which their cars will have to travel, for miles vary so in different countries. Thus in Austria a mile is 8296 yards, but the Russian verst is a mere 1167 yards. Spaniards reckon 5028 yards to their mile, while in Eire a mile has as many yards as there are pounds in a ton. The French kilometre is only 1093 yards, but the Scots generously allow 1973 yards to the mile. A nautical mile is 2026½ yards, while our English land mile is 1760 yards. One needs this knowledge to judge distance by the milestones on roads in different countries.

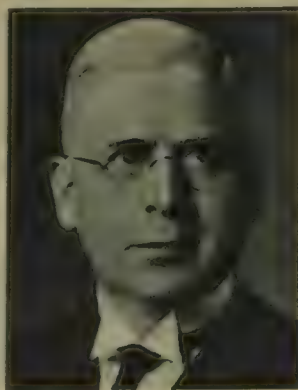
There were, at the time of writing, some 135 entrants for the Rally, but this number may have been increased when the Committee examined the eligibility of several would-be competitors. In the meantime there are forty-one British entrants, four more than last

year's contingent, of which A. E. Dobell, on his 4½-litre Railton; J. W. Whalley, on a 30-h.p. Ford "V-8"; A. C. Scott, on a similar car; T. H. Wisdom, on the small 933-c.c. Ford; F. S. Barnes, on a 1½-litre Vauxhall; N. Garrad, on a 4-litre Humber; and J. Harrop, on his 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar," all arranged to start from Athens, which was chosen by forty competitors as a starting-point, as this distance, 3773 kilometres, receives the full 500

marks towards prize-winning. From Tallinn, via Riga, Berlin, Hanover, Brussels, Rheims, Grenoble to Monte Carlo, the competitors receive 498 marks, but only Lord Waleran, on the 4-litre Humber, and Mr. A. P. Good, on the 5-litre Lagonda, of the English entrants, chose that route, with two-dozen Dutch, French, Polish, Swedish and German rivals.

Naturally, John-o'-Groats was taken as a starting-place for the Rally by many English drivers, some twenty-one Britishers comprising this contingent, and travelling via Glasgow, Doncaster, Folkestone, Boulogne, Le Mans, Nantes, Bordeaux, Pau, Toulouse, Rodez, Lyons, Grenoble to Monte Carlo, a distance of 3634 kilometres, receiving 496 marks.

The following arranged to leave from this point: G. W. Wilkin (2-litre Triumph); Miss V. M. Wimby (2-litre Lea-Francis); J. H. T. Edwards-Moss and his sister (3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar"); C. H. ("Sammy") Davis (2½-litre



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Daimler); B. W. Furston (3½-litre Wolseley); H. M. Balfour (2-litre Alvis); Miss S. C. Rowan Hamilton (3-litre Talbot); Miss Amy Johnson and Mrs. M. McEvoy (4-litre Ford "V-8"); R. V. Gunter (3½-litre Wolseley); Sir W. Carmichael Anstruther (3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar"); J. M. Miller (4½-litre Lagonda); A. W. Fletcher (4½-litre Railton); J. E. P. Howey (4½-litre Lagonda); J. F. Wells (1-litre Fiat); W. A. McKenzie and N. Mavrogordato (1-litre 8-h.p. Morris); D. E. Graham (3½-litre Humber); W. M. Couper (1½-litre Hillman "Minx"); Mrs. M. Vaughan (1½-litre Standard); R. H. Turner (1½-litre Hillman "Minx"); P. R. B. Haggie (3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar"); and H. G. Bishop (1½-litre Lea-Francis).

Mrs. E. M. Wisdom (1½-litre Vauxhall) chose Stavanger as her starting-point, via Oslo, Helsingborg, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Brussels, Rheims, Grenoble to Monte Carlo, 3520 kilometres, getting 497 marks. P. A. Collins (4½-litre Railton), J. W. Whalley (4-litre Ford "V-8"), J. McEvoy and F. M. Montgomery (1½-litre Ford), R. J. Morton and G. E. M. Watson (1½-litre Vauxhall) also arranged to start from this point.



WITH THE SERIES "E" MORRIS "EIGHT" SALOON WHICH HE ENTERED JOINTLY WITH MR. W. A. MCKENZIE FOR THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: FLYING-OFFICER N. MAVROGORDATO MAKING SOME FINAL ADJUSTMENTS TO THE ENGINE.

Flying-Officer N. Mavrogordato and Mr. W. A. McKenzie arranged to start from John-o'-Groats in the Monte Carlo Rally (January 17-25). They entered a Series "E" Morris "Eight" saloon, and are seen examining the engine, watched by Mr. A. F. Organ, general sales manager of Morris Motors.



ENTRANTS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: LORD WALERAN (CENTRE) WITH HIS CO-DRIVERS, "BILL" EVERITT, THE WELL-KNOWN RACING MOTORIST AND MR. R. GRANT-FERRIS (RIGHT) BESIDE THEIR NEW HUMBER "SUPER SNIPE" SALOON.

Lord Waleran and Mr. Norman Garrad, two of Britain's best-known and most successful rally and trials competitors, each arranged to drive one of the new Humber "Super Snipe" saloons in the Monte Carlo Rally. Lord Waleran intended to start from Tallinn, Estonia, and Mr. Garrad from Athens.

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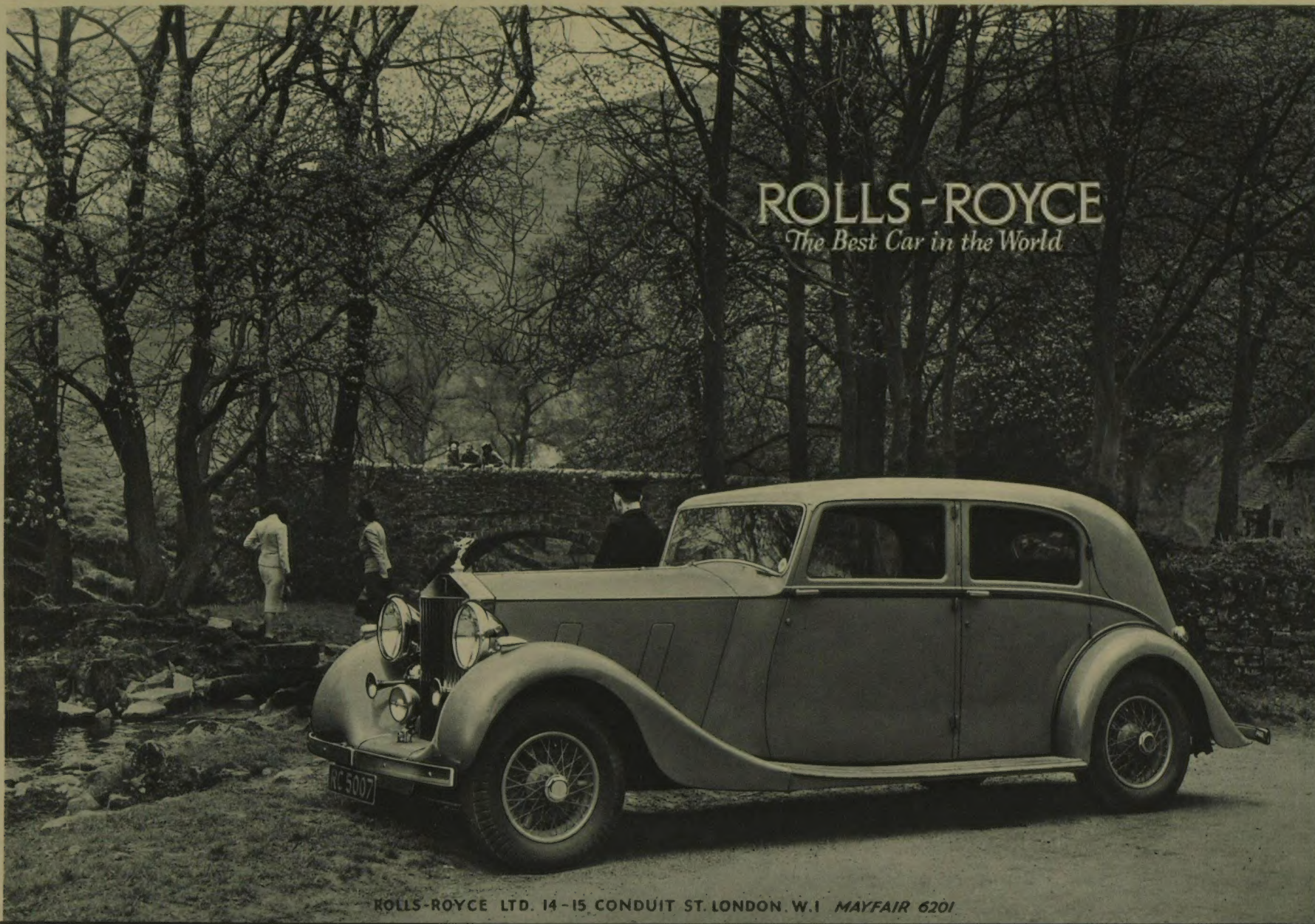
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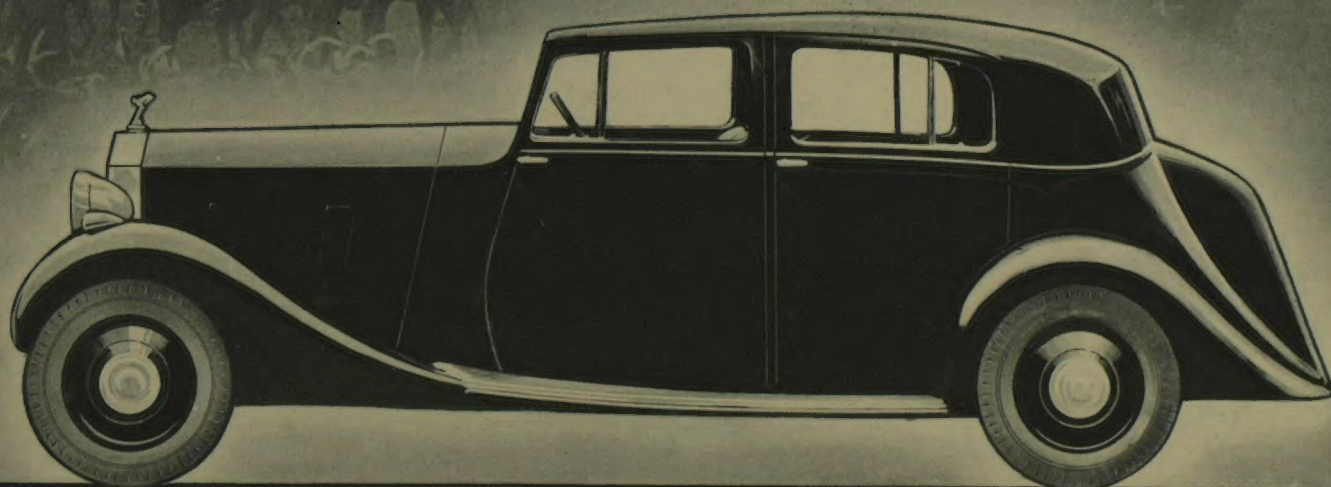
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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

WE “moderns” have an almost craven cult of the young. In fiction and the drama we prove our enlightenment by siding with them as a matter of course and taking it out of any unfortunate soul who presumes to clash with them. The young, it seems now, are for ever being persecuted without a cause; they are always right and righteous; but they are (and this is a new development) appallingly brittle. Their lives can be ruined and their whole natures irrevocably unbalanced before you can say Jack Robinson. They are more sensitive than the princess on the pea, and have absolutely no capacity for taking things in their stride.

Which seems rather tiresome. Life, at the best, is full of *mauvais quarts d'heure*; no one can be spared them, but, luckily, very few of us are so constituted as to bleed to death at the first scratch. Spiritual hæmophilia is not the rule, and I must confess an imperfect sympathy with these stricken deer, these hypersensitive adolescents, who trail their suffering through the modern novel. But, of course,

it all depends on the writer. I wish Miss Bowen's “The Death of the Heart” had another name and a less dreary ending, and that she had not chosen to present her young victim—indirectly, to be sure—as rightness personified. Portia is rather too much of the stricken deer, but she is a nice girl and has an exceptionally bad time.

Her father, old Mr. Quayne, had swerved from morality at the ripe age of fifty-seven, and though he was perfectly comfortable at home, and did not in the least want to start afresh with the tearful, plucky little widow Irene, he had to do it. His nice, high-minded wife packed him off with sentimental blessings, but without a moment's compunction. Afterwards, he and Irene trailed dingily from one foreign hotel to the next, and that was Portia's childhood. But she was happy enough,

AUTHOR OF “THE STRONGHOLD”—A NEW NOVEL DEALING WITH THE YEARS OF THE GREAT WAR: MR. RICHARD CHURCH, WHOSE LAST NOVEL, “THE PORCH,” WON THE FEMINA VIE HEUREUSE PRIZE IN 1938.

“The Stronghold” is Mr. Church's sixth novel and continues the story of John Quickshott and Dorothy Sinnier which was begun in “The Porch”—a novel awarded the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize in 1938. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers of “The Stronghold,” Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons.)

kill her parents died, and she went to stay with Thomas, her half-brother, in London. She was sixteen then.

The Thomas Quaynes are sophisticated. They “edit life,” and in the process something has leaked away—something they feel the want of, though dimly. Thomas is depressed and suspicious; Anna jeering and dissatisfied. They mean to be kind, but they have no place for the young inmate, and she somehow puts them in the wrong and makes them feel inadequate, just by watching them. Anna can't help getting spiteful, and as for Portia, she never knows what to do or what to expect. Then Eddie appears. Eddie is a young man living on his charm, resenting his patrons, and always behaving just too badly to keep them. But he has a kind of perverted innocence, which seems to Portia the real thing.

Here, at last, is someone “ordinary.” She falls in love, and for a little while is in bliss; and then it comes out: he belongs to Anna: he has been discussing her, laughing at her, with Anna. Of course, says Eddie, why shouldn't I? And he turns to stone.

Miss Bowen is an adept at suggesting moral values. At the beginning of the novel Anna describes the Quayne *affaire* to a friend. She is very amusing, but . . . it is the wrong note: it makes one faintly uncomfortable. Major Brutt, who got on so well with Portia, was no doubt a bore. One can't blame Anna for thinking so, one can't object to her impatience, and yet—discomfort again. He is a simple, worthy man; he shouldn't be mocked at. Portia's ally, the upper housemaid, is a grim female—and yet we have to approve of her. The right attitude is forced on us every time as neatly as a sleight-of-hand expert would force a card.

There are some gaps in the picture. We are told about Anna's relations with her husband; we are not shown them. We are told that Portia fell in love; we don't see her doing it or see exactly what she saw in Eddie before he frightened her. The subtler novelist is apt to err in this way by defining things instead of presenting them. Still, “The Death of the Heart” has beauty and wit all through. The backgrounds are very good: the Regent's Park sketches and the little town of Seale-on-Sea, where Portia stayed with Anna's old governess. There is a contrasting household at Seale, primitive, intensely noisy, and rather vulgar: it reminds one of the transition to Portsmouth from Mansfield Park. Only Jane Austen's heroine was wretched at Portsmouth, and Miss Bowen's liked Seale the best.

If you want a nice, long, comfortable, kindly book about modest virtue tried in the fire and rewarded on the last page, “The Silver String” is your money's worth—and by that I don't mean to be superior. Miss Jarrett's novel (American) has all a novel for the winter evenings should have and nothing too much. The plot is careful and well spread out, with lots of quiet interest and one really ingenious and thrilling episode. The style is agreeable. The morality is pervasive and reassuring, but not insipid. There is just enough worldly wisdom, and the heroine, though as good as good and terribly put upon, is not so trying as these oppressed “mice of virtue” are apt to be.

[Continued overleaf.]



A WRITER OF DISTINCTION: MRS. MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS, WHOSE SECOND NOVEL, “THE YEARLING,” HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Mrs. Rawlings, the American author, has written two novels and two short stories. Each of her four publications has received some prize or literary distinction in America. Both her novels were selections of the American Book of the Month Club, and one story won the O. Henry Prize, and the other Scribner's contest.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers of “The Yearling,” Messrs. William Heinemann.)



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Beaulieu s/Mer—Hotel Victoria—100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excellent cooking. Pension from Frs. 50.

Cannes—Hotel des Anglais—Highest class, quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes—Hotel Grande Bretagne—Sunny Park, Motor Service, Casino, Golf Links, Bridge room. Pen. terms fr. 12/6 and 15/-, or 4 gns. and £5 weekly.

Cannes—Hotel Mont-Fléury—Large Park. Manager: G. Tamme.

Cannes—Hotel Regina—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

## FRANCE—(Continued)

Cannes—Hotel Suisse—One minute from Croisette. Central and quiet situation. Excellent cuisine. Swiss management. Kelley & Co.

Cap-Martin—Cap-Martin Hotel—Free bus ser. with Monte-Carlo & Menton. Ten. Swim.-pool. 15 acres private park. Incl. fr. 120 Frs., with bath fr. 140 Frs.

Menton—Orient Hotel—150 rooms, 100 baths. Full South. Large garden. Central. Incl. weekly terms from £4.15.0 (taxes and service included).

Menton—Riviera Palace—Ideal Winter Residence. 25 acres of grounds and gardens.

Menton—Hotel de Venise—Leading in quality and comfort. Central and sunny. Beautiful park. Noted cuisine. Tariff on application.

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Monte Carlo—Hotel Royal—All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Moderate rates.

Monte Carlo—Hotel Terminus Palace—1st class. Sea-front. Facing Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £4.4.0. With private bath £5.

## CONTINENTAL HOTELS—(Continued)

## GERMANY

Bad Gastein—Grand Hotel Gastelnerhof—Sunnier hotel. First class. 180 beds. Pen. from R.M.9.—Patronised by English Society. Open in Winter too.

Garmisch—Bavarian Winter-Sport Centre—Golf Hotel Sonnenbiehl. Incomparably beautiful situation. 1st-class Hotel. Pension from Mk. 9.50.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen—Park Hotel "Alpenhof." Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospectuses through proprietor: Hanns Kilian.

Igls/Tyrol—Golf Hotel Iglerhof—Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All modern comfort. Winter sport. Golf course. Bathing. Moderate terms.

Kitzbühel/Tyrol—Hotel Weisses Rössl—All comforts. Best position. Very popular with English visitors.

Leipzig—Hotel Astoria—The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Schwarzer Bock—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medicinal Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Marks 9.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Nassauer Hof—World renowned. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd. by best British society. Pen. from 22 Mk.

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Arosa—Valsana Sporthotel—First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon"; dancing. Inclusive terms.

Davos-Platz—Angleterre & Park Hotel—Ldg. Engl. htl., near Parsenn & Schatzalp Railway. Nrly. every rm. with loggia. gd. fd. & ser. New Man., H. Verdino.

Davos—Palace Hotel—Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run & Strela Skilift. Rooms fr. S. Frs. 7. Full board fr. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer, MAN.

Geneva—Hotel de la Paix—On Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier and places of interest. Lovely rooms fr. S. Frs. 6. With full board S Frs. 14.

Grindelwald—The Bear—The gay Sports and Social Centre. Your Headquarters. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Grindelwald—Regina Hotel Alpenruhe—First class. Good value and Personal attention. Pension terms from 14/-, A. Bohren, Managing Proprietor.

## SWITZERLAND—(Continued)

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland)—Grand Hotel Alpina—The Skiers' Paradise. 1st-class family hotel. Wonderful sit. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 14. E. Burri, Prop.

Gstaad—Bernhof—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. All Winter Sports. Topping band, terms from 13 to 17 Frs.

Klosters Parsenn (Switzerland)—The Sport Hotel Silvretta—For charm, atmosphere and good company.

Lenzerheide (Grisons)—Grand Hotel Kurhaus—1st-class. 200 beds. The leadg. English fam. hotel. Sunniest position. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

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Pontresina (Engadine)—The Kronenhof—The traditional English house.

Pontresina (Engadine)—Schloss-Hotel—Leading House. Headquarters of the visitors' Curling Clubs. Pension from Frs. 16.

Pontresina—Sport Hotel Pontresina—150 rooms with bath and running-water. First-class throughout, full pension from Frs. 15.

St. Moritz—Badrutts Palace Hotel—Host of the Elite. Season till end of March.

St. Moritz—Savoy Hotel—1st-class family hotel, quiet central position, lake view. Pens. S. Frs. 16.—Attached: The Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

Wengen—Grand Hotel Belvedere—First class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

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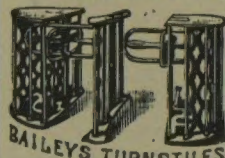
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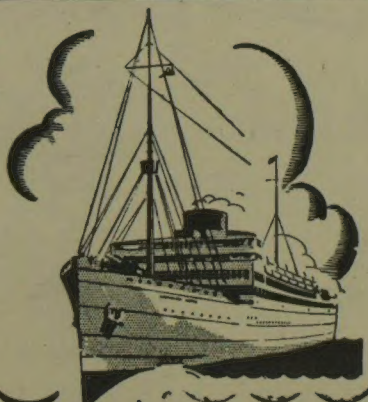
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*Continued.*

Her name is Ann Clement. In childhood she is as solitary as Lucy Gray—cut off from the world by a dumb, tyrannical father, such as they keep in America, and tormented into the bargain by a shallow, beautiful step-cousin. Serena, her father's second wife, is her only friend. Serena dies, and Ann plucks up courage to start a life of her own. But, having escaped from one "monster of domestic egoism," she promptly marries another, and has to turn to and support him through a long illness. By the time he dies, not of the illness, but of a hearty meal on a train, she is deep in unrequited love for the husband of her step-cousin, Isabella. Isabella gets a divorce, and he marries her—not for love, but for the sake of his little boy. The little boy is a devil. Once again Ann is persecuted and suffers in silence, even allowing Corey (still infatuated with his ex-wife) to blame her for "antagonising the child." And then—well, it all comes right in the end, after a dramatic scene in which Isabella flagrantly proves her inferiority.

"An End of the Hours" is, I need hardly say, the last volume of a trilogy on Indian life. It can be read alone, though not as a novel. There is scarcely any action, and that little the merest epilogue. But there are parts that make one chuckle out loud—on Indian students, a cricket match, a native hotel—and there is much good and rather sad talk. The conclusion would be depressing if it were not so religious.

"Amateurs in Arms" has only one drawback, the difficulty of understanding it. If the action were a shade less involved it would be first-rate dramatic comedy in the style of "Public Faces." No doubt the jig-saw is true to life; no doubt Paris is really swarming with these camp-followers, trying to sell arms they haven't got to illicit buyers who have no money. The plot is neat and ironic when you get down to it, and the author evidently knows his stuff, but he should have simplified. Still, there is a great deal of fun. The jacket speaks of "appalling" revelations, but they're not appalling—not here. This is a light work.

The next two are German, and very German—wrapped in a haze of philosophy and significance. In "Last Port of Call" Mr. Hauser has a good subject,

the last voyage of one of the last trading ships under sail. Everything about "Notre Dame des Vagues" and her journey across the world is solid and interesting, but the Viking captain, the neo-Byronic passenger and their notions are not so good. "A Winter Chronicle" is the life-story of a German shoemaker, written by himself during the Thirty Years War. It is full of Latin tags and mystical discourses, and rather poor in excitement.

Though I have put "Monday Night" with the thrillers, for sophistication it ought to go with "The Death of the Heart." The chief character is M. Sylvestre, the famous analytical chemist and poison expert, whose findings have condemned a score of men

to jail or the guillotine. He does not appear at all. He is only talked of—and chased after through a fantastic and drunken night by two Americans who scarcely know each other from Adam. Bernie, a doctor, has come to Europe on purpose to interview this great man; the battered and debauched Wilt has nothing to do with it, but it is Wilt who sticks to the trail and finally guesses the secret of those old murders. This is not everyone's book; it is overdosed with art, and I think with sentiment, but the alcoholic, nightmarish distinctness is something rare.

Now for detection proper. I have four examples this month, three by experts, and the prize must go, without any doubt whatever, to Mr. Crofts. He is always good, but of late he has been suffering from stolidity. In "Antidote to Venom" he shakes this off, and rises to the height of his talent. We see the crime from the point of view of the accomplice: an ingenious idea, combining the thrill of the "direct method" with the thrill of investigation. For Surridge knows what was done, but can't imagine how it was done. And the way Inspector French noses out every detail should be a warning to all of us to abstain from crime.

I have seen more brilliant work by John Rhode than "The Bloody Tower." The secret of the tower is hardly a secret, and the guilty person is obvious. And I have seen more brilliant work by the Coles than "Off With Her Head." Somehow, this tale of a decapitated lady in Oxford lacks grip. "Postscript to Poison," a first attempt, is readable but not very plausible. "Sarie Marais," Mr. Nathan's "romance of the Anglo-Boer War," is worthy, pleasant, but rather tame.

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Death of the Heart.* By Elizabeth Bowen. (Gollancz; 8s.)  
*The Silver String.* By Cora Jarrett. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)  
*An End of the Hours.* By Edward Thompson. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
*Amateurs in Arms.* By F. J. Joseph. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)  
*Last Port of Call.* By Heinrich Hauser. (Arthur Barker; 8s. 6d.)  
*A Winter Chronicle.* By E. G. Kolbenheyer. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)  
*Monday Night.* By Kay Boyle. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)  
*Antidote to Venom.* By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)  
*The Bloody Tower.* By John Rhode. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
*Off With Her Head.* By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
*Postscript to Poison.* By Dorothy Bowers. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)  
*Sarie Marais.* By Manfred Nathan. (Gordon and Gotch; 7s. 6d.)



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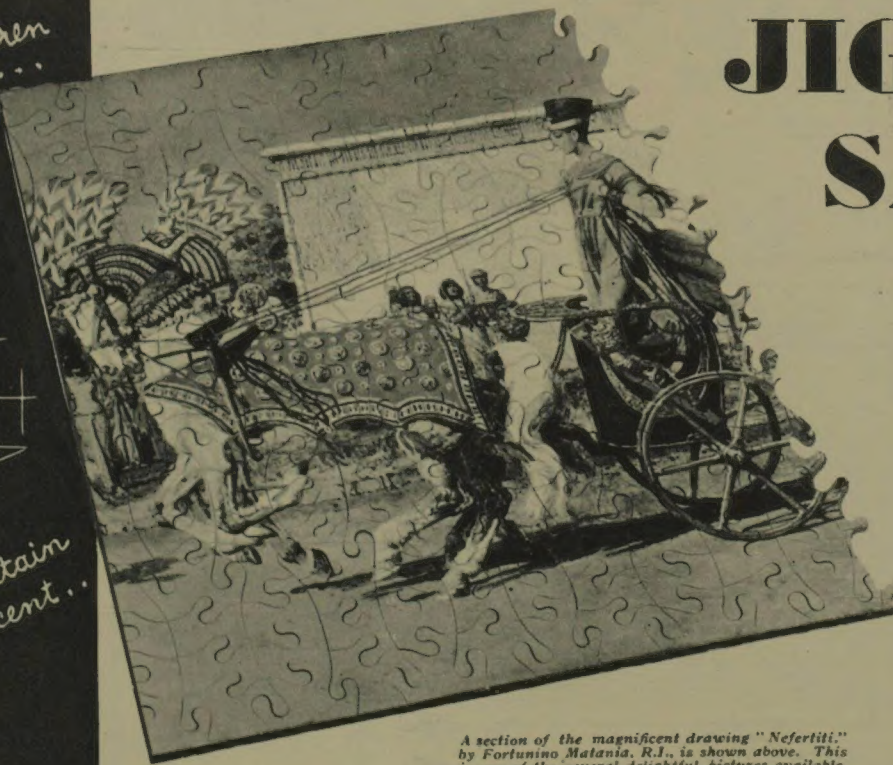
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H.M. The King Riding in Windsor Park with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.  
 David Copperfield's Journey from Yarmouth to London, by Fortunino Matania, R.I.  
 References, by Charles E. Brock.  
 The Apple of His Majesty's Eye, by William Van de Velde the Younger.

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